

THE MANUSCRIPT.

"Like April morning clouds that pass,
With varying shadow o'er the grass,
And imitate on field and furrow,
Life's chequered scene of joy and sorrow;—
Thus various my romantic theme
Flits, winds, and sinks, a morning dream."

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Second Edition.

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G. & C. CARVILL, AND ELAM BLISS.

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THE PLAN.

'This folio of four pages, happy work !
What is it but a map of busy life,
Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns ?—COWPER.

IN trying to interest the community, enlightened by the wisdom of so many minds, and amused by such innumerable sources of enjoyment, it is difficult to avoid the extremes of overdoing the matter, through anxiety, on the one hand ; or degenerating into common-place, from the fear of being thought too conceited, on the other. Attributing the conduct of every writer to avarice and vanity, rather than a desire of promoting the public good, the repulsive crowd quickly lower the pretensions of every literary hero, which not only chastises him for being wiser than themselves, but tends to raise them higher in the opposite scale of discernment and learning. But, unkind as the world is, there are always to be found souls of a noble and patronising nature, who have minds to comprehend.

and hearts to appreciate the motives of the honest writer, who had rather feel themselves the severest lash of criticism, than inflict the slightest wound on those who professedly write for their amusement. They feel that is a species of ingratitude of the blackest dye: an ingratitude engendered by envy, fostered by pride, and which, instead of deriving nourishment from the food that is offered it, changes it into "the gall of bitterness," and the wormwood of calumny,—converts the garden of nature into a dreary desert, and the smiles of good humour into the withering frowns of hatred. The liberal, enlightened mind not only acts from the spontaneous impulse of its own nature, but from the sacred considerations of duty exciting it to the promotion of Genius and Learning. It has in view the cultivation of native intellect, by fanning the sparks of genius till they burst into a flame—the dissemination of sound taste, literature, and science, through every part of the globe—the extension of liberality and kind feeling over the cold waste of selfishness, prejudice, and pride, and the progression of the human soul from improvement to improvement, until unshackled from the chains of mortality, it basks in the meridian sunshine of celestial wisdom.

But while it is our pride to acknowledge the existence of such minds, it is to be regretted that literary neglect is often imputable to the very writers themselves. Like the aurelian insect, numbers weave themselves so closely in a web of their own spinning, that they neither enjoy the light, nor allow themselves to be comprehended by others. Many fill their subjects so profusely with ornaments, that the reader is at a loss which the author would have him most admire; and like Tarpeia, overwhelmed by the bracelets of the Sabines, they perish alone through their own weight of tinsel. On the other hand, we are directed to works of biography, history, and science; but there again, instead of meeting with a pleasing variety; or, to speak figuratively, instead of beholding the lively Corinthian, mingled with the various departments of the Composite order, we either contemplate the Ionic, or Doric, or we are compelled to plod along in the dull, solemn pomp of the Gothic style alone. Now a truce upon such taste! The human mind, to be kept constantly awake, requires a variety of stimulants adapted to its constitutional changes, as what is food at one time, becomes at another, nauseating poison. Who would recommend to the gay reader the

dry detail of public reports, or call the serious to dwell upon the risible adventures of Don Quixotte or Sancho Panza? It therefore becomes necessary to mingle fancy with instruction, and gayety with rational severity. The tastes of all must be consulted, or the public attention will flag, and the sanguine author, instead of finding his productions on the shelves of the trade, will be compelled to send his friends to the counter of the confectioner or the grocer to collect such scanty remains as the moderation of business has spared.

“A general love of variety, however, which is not indulged as a beneficial means of improvement, resembles the rose of Florida, the bird of Paradise, or the cypress of Greece. The first, the most beautiful of flowers, emitting no fragrance; the second, the most beautiful of birds, eliciting no song; the third, the finest of trees, yielding no fruit. It has not been inaptly called a species of ‘adultery.’ It characterizes a weak and superficial mind, ill qualifies it for honourable exertion, and peculiarly unfits its possessor for selecting subjects to exercise his fancy; or from furnishing correct and sound materials to form and elevate the understanding.”

How many also are travelling over subjects which millions before them have ransacked, so that not a thought is perceptible, but what is found in richer hives than theirs, enkindled by a livelier vein of imagination, enlightened by a sounder information, and enriched by a fresh glow of originality. Not that it is possible to strike out so new a path, or give birth to ideas to which others have been strangers. The reflections we make, thousands have indulged before us; and, excepting the novel deductions from the experiments of science, it may be safely asserted, with the wise man of Scripture,—“There is nothing new under the sun.” Originality may exist in the novelty of the method, the peculiarity of the style, the combination of the sentiments, or the rich and varied colouring to illustrate some well-known truth. Neither imitating the precision of Bacon, the pedantry of Burton, the rotundity of Johnson, the playfulness of Swift, or the romanticity of Irving; the writer may use his own thoughts, method, and language, and if resorting at all to the sentiments of others, must make the same use of them as the bee of the flower, by extracting their nectar, and preparing it in his own way for the use and enjoyment of the public. “Those, on the contrary

who pretend to give us nothing but the fruit of their own growth, soon fail, like rivulets which dry up in summer. Far different are those which receive, in their course, the tribute of a hundred and a hundred rivers, and which, even in the dog-days, carry mighty waters triumphantly to the ocean."

The Novelists might be mentioned as distinguished for the highest literary attainments, but too often polluting their pages with fashionable oaths, profane appeals, volatile tattle, and sensual representations. We mean simply to censure their abuses; and as they will prevail in despite of all our scolding, we wish to behold them the vehicles of sound taste, innocent gayety, and useful instruction. The visible improvement in this department of literature has doubtless contributed to its increasing demand; and no reason can be assigned why, if purged from its dross, Fiction should not be used as the instrument of enlightening and reforming mankind. Why should not the fancy contribute as liberal a mite to the advancement of sound morals as the funds of the understanding, or the sensibilities of the heart? Is it not important to render the richest of our faculties the medium of instruction, that

the mind may relish the higher branches of intelligence, and practise the duties persuasively recommended?

The Periodicals and Reviews of the day have attained an eminence and popularity superior to any antecedent period, and distinguish the present age as discriminating and refined, as desirous of cherishing the efforts of native genius. Did they altogether breathe a catholic spirit, disposed to smile upon the talented productions of every sect and party; were malicious and time-serving remarks altogether excluded, and one sole persevering effort used to advance the literary, moral, and religious interests of the community; they would rank the highest, next to Christian institutions, in meliorating the condition of society, and diffusing that public and social felicity so earnestly coveted by every virtuous mind.

Will it then be deemed presumptuous, if, sheltered by the example of loftier names in literature, we add our mite in the diffusion of its spirit, and if unable to edify by the maxims of wisdom, we may, at least, amuse by the exposure of folly? Our object is amusement, combined with the in-

provement of the understanding. To censure vice, by applying the rod of satire, and to reform the follies and errors of the age ;—to occasionally glance at Biography, Criticism, and History ; —to furnish amusing tales for the closet, either facetious or melancholy, just in the frame of mind we happen to indulge, and then again diverge into some didactic essay, designed only to engage the attention of the serious ;—to write just as we please, what we please, and when we please, provided we aim to please those who favour us with their attention ;—to provide, in short, a series of essays to amuse an idle hour, and promote the best interests of literature and morality, are the objects we propose ; and if we fail, it must be imputed to the good natured blunder of unintentional design. Humble as we are, we will not be awed by the pedantic pomp of depressing superiority, or shrink from the aspiring attempts of more successful and celebrated writers. Sincerity is our armour ; improvement our watch-word ; the public confidence our support ; and may we not reasonably hope, that the favour and patronage we covet, may shield us as the crown of our reward ?

THE SAGACIOUS DOG.

—The world, I cried,
Shall hear of this thy deed :—
My dog shall mortify the pride
Of man's superior breed.

COWPER.

THE fidelity of the canine race has been only equalled by their sagacity. Many cases have been recorded of the most extraordinary feats which they have performed, and which, if not ascribable to the keenness of their physical organs, must surely originate from intellectual faculties. They have been, however, extremely indebted to the regimen of laborious training, which enables them, after much practice, to understand peculiar signs, drilled into them by their instructors; and whose results, from the difficulty of detection by those who witness them, are frequently regarded as the most unaccountable prodigies. Whether it is from their uncommon power of scent, or their constant habit of watching the actions of their master, they cer-

tainly possess the faculty of finding his hidden or lost property; and much amusement has been derived from the persevering attempts of these animals in discovering the object of their search. Among the many anecdotes extant on this instinctive property of dogs, I will relate one from the recollections of a friend, who seriously assured me that the circumstances were correct.

Two gentlemen were travelling on horseback in the western part of Pennsylvania, accompanied by a shaggy, nimble-footed pointer, whose vision and movements were governed by those of the horses; and then he never kept out of the sight or whistle of his master, whom he was sure to notify by his bark of approaching passengers, the starting of a flock of birds, or any of those trivial incidents which keep alive attention on the road. The sprightliness and vigilance of the dog engrossed the conversation on the instinct of animals; and after they had discussed the question as learnedly as the inconvenience of jolting would allow, one of the friends asserted, that, "whether it was instinct or reason, his Romeo could find any article which he had lost;" and he enumerated a catalogue of valuables

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which the sagacity of his favourite had brought to light. His bold declaration could not but arouse the curiosity of the other, who had obstinately maintained "the instinctive" side of the question, as he considered dogs a sort of hairy, four-footed machines, operated upon as card images, by the force of the power that moves them. "I'll stake you a twenty dollar bill," uttered he, defyingly, "that Romeo does no such thing; and if I lose, I'll treat you, and the dog besides, to the best supper the inn can afford." A hearty laugh from his companion, and a shrill whistle, which brought the panting pointer to his side, were the prelude to the acceptance of the challenge. "I verily believe," said he, "that Romeo knows, he is the topic of conversation! Come here, my old dog! You can find master's property, can't you, Romeo?" The dog flew jumping and barking round the horses—then he would spring to meet his master's hand as if intending to kiss it—again he would run up and down the road, and after rummaging and smelling behind every rock and stone, he would return to his owner and whine expressively in his face, as if he was desirous of saying, "you perceive that I am always watching over your interests."

It was agreed upon, that Romeo and his master should proceed to the inn, which was about four miles distant; and that the other should remain behind, to conceal, wherever he pleased, a dollar of his friend's own marking; and he accordingly waited full ten minutes after the dog was out of sight before he made arrangements for the se-cretion of his coin. "Where shall I hide it?" thought he—"To drop it upon the ground, or expose it any where in open sight, would not escape the penetrating eye of the animal; and to bury it in the ground, or throw it in the water, would be unfair, and render the performance of the undertaking impossible." Pondering a moment, he hid it beneath a huge stone, which he was hardly able to raise; and remounting his horse, rejoined his companion who had been some time before him at the hotel. "Well, sir," exclaimed he, "have you made sure of my dollar? Safe enough, I warrant, for you have not staid so confounded long for nothing; it is lodged, no doubt, within an enchanted hole, or guarded in some fairy castle by a dragon more terrible than that of the Hesperides: I almost tremble for my pocket, and the beef-steak supper of the dog! But harkee, Romeo, get you back

upon the road, and find my silver dollar which I have lost!" The animal eyed his master wistfully for an instant, but soon changed his posture for the attitude of searching, and began to frisk along, and scent every corner of the road, accompanying every change of direction by a half-suppressed bark of joy. The final word "away" urged Romeo completely out of view; and the friends proposed, after dinner, amusing themselves with shooting a few woodcock and snipe, until a reasonable time had elapsed for the arrival of their scout. After vainly searching the meadows and woods, for at least two hours, they began to think of returning to the inn. Romeo's master was positive of meeting him there in the possession of his silver dollar.—He whistled for him, assured that he was probably scenting their track; and even hazarded a considerable wager at finding him at the hotel with the landlord. "Well, well," returned the challenger, "If he returns before morning with the money, I promise to pay all the expenses of the day, in addition to the wager I have staked; but if he comes back without it, you know the bank whence the host and myself are to draw our funds!" "Done!" exclaimed the other, laugh-

ing, for I feel as certain of his return with the dollar, as if I heard his bark, and the rolling of the money." To his disappointment, however, the dog was not there—no trace of him was discernible upon the road; and no travellers, who had arrived from the route which he had taken, had the least glimpse of such an animal. The two friends proposed riding a few miles back upon the road to ascertain, if possible, the cause of the detention; but the challenger concluded that their presence might endanger the success of his bet; and they both concluded to wait over the finest supper which the season afforded, for the arrival of their dilatory messenger.

But to return to the dog. He had gone back with many a useless hunt over field, hedge, and by-way, scenting every course which the travellers had pursued, and wasting his labours at every spot where they alighted for refreshment on their journey. After many fruitless endeavours, he approached, at last, the identical place where the treasure was deposited, and evidenced, by his motions and whinings, his exultation at the discovery. He proceeded to storm the citadel, which detained his master's property;

but, notwithstanding all his pawings, resistances, and barkings, poor Romeo was unable to raise the mighty stone, and like many superior bipeds before him, confessed himself honourably vanquished. His only remedy was patience; and who knows, he might have thought, what will be the consequence of my persevering fidelity! Here he sat, like an unwearied sentinel, guarding treasures which he could not attain, sometimes looking at the stone, at others, on the road, as if expecting, as a last resource, some relief from that quarter. At this juncture, a weary, heavy-laden pedler was trudging slowly along the highway, and apparently sinking under his burden; when, seeing the gestures of the dog, he supposed there was some ground-mole arresting his attention. Besides, here was a fine animal, seemingly without an owner; and if there were no treasure to reward his search, he might lay claim to a faithful creature, to be the companion of his wanderings. Whatever were his reflections, he came to the stone, the object of the dog's solicitude, and disburdening himself of his wallet, he removed the former with considerable difficulty; when perceiving, to his surprise, a shining silver dollar, he secured it with the avidity of a fowl

picking at a grain of corn, and without regarding the rights of the dog, slipped it into his overhaws, whose merry jingle as it rolled in bespoke the gracious reception which it received. Along went the pedler whistling after and caressing his new companion, who appeared as well satisfied with his adopted master, and manifested by the playfulness of his gambols his gratitude for the service which had been rendered. Overjoyed at his prize, the weary merchant flung down his pack—caressed again and again his sociable friend, and refelt his pockets with the air of a man particularly indebted to good fortune. It was late at night, and Romeo was wandering several miles farther from his master, and appeared in no degree disposed to quit the side of the stranger. They arrived at last at an inn, where our trader not only partook of a hearty supper, but made the dog equally the sharer of his good cheer. They feasted daintily until the season of bedtime; when, fearful of losing so valuable a prize, the pedler conducted the animal into his room; concluding, that if so friendly to him, he might possibly fall a victim to the caresses of others. Romeo was, in no respect, unwilling to follow him, for he had been always accustomed

to a soft bed, and he had no intention for that night of abandoning his generous benefactor. Having secured the door, and carefully attended to the safety of his goods, the fatigued traveller prepared for bed; and after extinguishing the light, hung his clothes over the back of a huge arm-chair, which almost sunk down with the weight of valuables it contained. Adjusting his head upon the pillow, he listened to Romeo snoring under the bed; and as he looked through the open window upon the golden stars that twinkled upon his sight, he felt himself the most fortunate of beings, and closed his eyes with the reasonable prospect of enjoying his dog and property in the morning.

But Romeo was in a far different plight. He was really leg-weary and anxious to seek the face of his old master, although for a moment a transient slumber overcame him; but no sooner did he hearken to the snore of the pedler, than he gently made up to the clothes chair, and attempted to draw down the overhaws; but they were unluckily detained by an obstinate button-hole that was looped in the edge. Hearing his clothes moving, the awakened traveller, fearful

that thieves were disturbing him, demanded "who's there?" and raising himself in the bed, saw nothing but the room that was enlightened by the moon, just setting in her last wane, and the faithful dog standing at his side, who gently licked his hand, as if promising to defend him from every threatened injury. Convinced of the futility of his fears, he felt of his clothes, and concluded that they had merely slipped down; he then raised them from the arm to place them more securely, and again he fell back on his pillow and snored away as loudly as if nothing had disturbed him. The faithful animal could wait no longer. Springing upon the small clothes, he was out of the window in the twinkling of an eye, bearing away the treasures of him who was sweetly dreaming of a prosperous market for his calicoes, and the pleasure of being escorted, on the morrow, by his invaluable dog.

In the meanwhile, our friends had partaken of an excellent supper; the one repining at the absence of his dog, and the other dreaming of his anticipated winnings, and exemption from the expenses of the day. They awoke at break of dawn to pursue their journey; and while the

former was putting into the hands of his friend, and host, the amount of his losses, in came Romeo with the pair of overhaws, dripping and besmeared with water and mud, and laid them, with all their contents, at the feet of his master. "Stop, then," cried the latter, "and let us examine this pocket-book, before we determine who is to be the paymaster." "I am willing to sustain all damages," replied the other, in a roar of merriment, "provided this be the only promissory note, you can ensure me for your success." They quickly searched the contents, consisting of watches, jewelry, and silver coin; and among them the identical dollar, with the well-known mark, staring them in the face. The articles were hung up and advertised; and not long after they were sent for by the poor pedler, who had been detained two whole days in bed, until his inexpressibles were found; when, it is said, he positively vowed, to have nothing more to do with lost money, and more particularly, with strayed, good-natured dogs.

THE VISIT.

And thus as in memory's bark we shall glide
To visit the scenes of our boyhood anew,
Though oft we may see, looking down on the tide,
The wreck of full many a hope shining through ;
Yet still as in fancy we point to the flow'rs
That once made a garden of all the gay shore,
Deceiv'd for a moment, we'll still think them ours,
And breathe the fresh air of life's morning anew.

T. MOORE.

It was at the close of a summer's afternoon, that I was sauntering through one of the charming villages which lie on the banks of the Hudson. Its dark, stone church, shaded by a row of locusts, which enclosed its modest green, seemed reposing at a distance from the cares of the little world around it. A post-chaise was emancipating its passengers at the door of the opposite hotel, and several villagers were lagging inquiringly near it, either to catch a portion of its "mighty world of news," or the countenances of the travellers alighting on the piazza.



Strolling along, I crossed a rude bridge, embracing a narrow stream, which fed several mills that fretted the bordering banks. A sparkling sheet of water dashed in silvery whiteness near me, and raved away among the rocks that disputed its intrusive course. The giant branches of the horse-chesnut threw a mellow shade upon the agitated water, and disclosed through their partings, a view of the village spire, whose ball twinkled like a star on the blue of the evening sky. The desire of visiting a family, of which I had not heard for years, induced me to pursue my solitary ramble. The road was diversified by hills and dales; crops of the richest harvest were bending to the breeze, and the fields were vocally enlivened by numerous flocks and herds. The frequent chirpings of some lonely bird serenaded me from the trees, and all nature was alive with that melancholy hum that denotes its preparation for rest.

I soon reached the romantic spot. The mimic lake of silver that supplied the mill in the valley was darkened by the hills of forest that enclosed its tapering banks. The gushing cataract, falling from its planky bed, wound tremulously along

the border of the road, and became suddenly lost in oblique windings among the trees. Projecting from the mill, the massy wheel bowed beneath the pressure of the stream, and rising proudly again, shook from the mossy paddles its foam of liquid down. Reverberating in hoarse murmurs from the hills, its roar is mistaken, at a distance, for approaching thunder, and the eye instinctively gazes on the sky.

I walked towards the house. Every object was altered. The window-shutters were closed; the bench, on which I had sat for hours, was falling to decay; the frame around which the honeysuckle entwined had lost several of its sticks: the vine was still there, but it had withered, and, like age in distress, had recourse for aid to strangers. It had clung for support round the last remaining post of the piazza, which thus gratefully repaid the shade it formerly enjoyed. The favourite old willow that overhung the entrance of the garden, bent lower to the ground, and increased the melancholy gloom that preyed upon the ruins. I approached the garden—several of its posts were rotten; the gate was feebly fastened by a mouldering cord: the flowers were

either gone or hidden among the weeds; the grass had overgrown the walks; the brook that trickled from the spring was choked by leaves and stones; but the most affecting sight was the skeleton of an animal, which was, perhaps, the favourite house-dog, that had, probably, died from neglect, without a friend to bury him. I raised the knocker, but the rust had stiffened its joints, and caused but a faint and hollow reverberation. I called aloud, but only heard some bustling swallows, that were building above the door, or the echo of my own voice, as it stole back on the wings of the breeze. I could not repress my feelings, but responded the memorable, pathetic words of Ossian, "Silence reigns in the halls of her fathers." Sitting upon the step, I recalled the pleasant hours I had spent in the cottage: the happy parents—the lovely daughter—the thousand nameless joys we indulged—even the faithful dog, trudging whiningly up the steps, and wagging his half curled tail in welcome of my arrival. But the family had gone, perhaps for ever, from the world. If any thing can inspire me with poetic associations, it is the memory of my early days; and I could not avoid indulging in the following train of reflection:—

My early pleasures ; whence are they ?
 The hours that gave them birth
 Have melted away as the close of day,
 When it leaves the beauteous earth ;
 Have melted away as the sun's bright ray
 Is lost in the sky of even,
 When the star of the west is in splendour drest,
 In the dark clear blue of heaven.

Dear youthful pleasures ! blest employ !
 How oft in fancy's dream
 Those visions of joy, no time can destroy,
 In happy existence seem !
 Their pensive light, like the moon by night,
 Is hallow'd, though distant far ;
 As the gem at rest o'er the wild wave's breast,
 The mariner's homeward star !

Sweet friends of childhood, gentle hearts
 To memory ever dear !
 The tear that starts when the fondest departs,
 For you has been sincere !
 And the grief that oppress'd the aching breast
 Could never be more deep ;——
 Oh, who has not sighed o'er joy that have died,
 And friends have sunk to sleep !

Returning to my lodgings, I learned the whole story of the family, and as it may, possibly, be interesting, I will endeavour briefly to relate it.

MARY LINDEN.

Love, like od'rous zephyr's grateful breath,
Repays the flower that sweetness which it borrow'd.

MILTON.

MARY LINDEN was the flower of the little village circle. Like most young females confined to rural society and enjoyments, she knew little of the world beyond her native home, and was educated in the useful, rather than the showy accomplishments of life. She was not beautiful, but there was a delicacy of form and sweetness of countenance, that silenced the gazing critic; and such a soul of meaning beamed from her eyes, that the expression of her features was entirely forgotten. A disposition kind, artless, and enthusiastic, seldom fails to win attention and esteem; and if to be the theme of conversation and the confidant of friends are proofs of love, then Mary was blest with the affection of all who knew her.

Divided between their dutiful child, and their hopes of heaven, time stole insensibly away from her delighted parents. They regarded her as the last and richest gift of Providence; they wished to see her happily married; and hoped, when their declining sun should set, to give her that best and holiest of gifts—the dying parental blessing. There is something peculiarly interesting, I may almost say divine, in the parting blessing of parents. Their life resembles an odorous lamp continually emitting a most delicious fragrance; but when the nourishment is nearly consumed, its last remaining drops combine, and with one instant of brilliancy pour out their precious perfume to be enjoyed in this world no more.

During one of the visitations of the yellow fever some years ago, when thousands were flying in terror from the city, a young man, of the name of Clifford, fixed on a transient residence near Mr. Linden's cottage. His person was delicate, but well proportioned; and his face spoke forth such a sweet-natured benevolence, that the eye which encountered his, supposed itself beloved. The father of William Clifford

was a merchant of New-York, who never suffered his ideas to stray beyond the bounds of speculation. His busiest care was the converting of cents into dollars, and beholding his son elegantly settled in life. So devoted was he to business, that he had no time to spare for the relaxations of the country, and he preferred parting with his son to missing an opportunity of adding to his fortune. His opinions of marriage were never associated with the influence of the blind Deity. "Love," he always said, "was a mere phantom of the brain, talked of like ghosts, which the majority believe in, but which no one could assert he had positively seen. Even if existing at all, he can only live under the torrid zone of prosperity; but carry him to the frozen regions of poverty, and the rascal freezes to death in despair; but money inhabits all climates, is adapted to all changes and depressions, and wherever there is plenty of money, marriage will always ensure plenty of comfort." With a parent of such an opinion, the situation of a daughter is truly pitiable. Every warm feeling of the heart must be subdued—the fire of hope must be extinguished—the blossom of affection must be withered beneath the pestilential mildew

of parental selfishness. The son is more favourably situated. Even if suffering the displeasure of an ungenerous father, he can seek in the world for diversion from his troubles. Amidst the turmoils of business, he can almost drown the sorrows that afflict him, and enjoy a transient respite from the gallings of reflection; but even through the clouds of business, he will often catch a melancholy view of that glimmering light, which once shone so beautifully resplendent. But what is there for the female? Without variety, and often condemned to the imprisonment of her chamber, she there but re-poisons her happiness with the memory of sorrow, and drives in more deeply the arrow that is rankling in her bosom. The paradise of home is changed to a loathsome dungeon, where she is refused what is allowed the criminal—the sympathy of misfortune. Each returning day adds a new link to the chain which keeps her from her lover, and which, bound so firmly, threatens of its own weight to tear out the heart which it enslaves. She has no visions of happiness, no consoling surmises, no bosom to echo her distress; but she sits wrapped in the spell a cruel parent has woven, and cherishes a flame, which.

slowly consuming her peace, can only be extinguished by the death-damp of the grave. It is not a little curious to observe, on the other hand, the secrecy with which faithful hearts often hold communion. The most rigid parents may enact laws, but cannot always enforce them. A note conveyed by an unknown hand—an assignation to meet at the house of some approving relative—and numerous other inventions will often cross the lines in spite of the most watchful sentinel. The ore of love should be tried in the furnace of affliction, for it can only thus be purified from its dross, and its true value known and appreciated.

Mary had just attained her seventeenth year when William took up his residence in the valley. A trifling circumstance soon made them acquainted; for it is surprising how little exertion it requires to second the overtures of the heart; and on the other hand, what insuperable barriers must be surmounted when the inclination must be forced from its channel. It was at a village party he first saw her. She was neatly attired in white, with a simple pink riband encircling her waist, and a small boquet of

flowers braiding together the dark chesnut curls that played around her forehead. She seemed to him like the modest lily, lifting its unassuming head above the flowers around it, the pride of its companions, but unconscious of its superiority. When they parted, the language of their eyes spoke more eloquently than words. Young, artless, and confiding, they had no object in concealing their regard: they felt that deep-impassioned fondness which lures the young heart to repose, on the downy pillow of hope. It was unknown to his father that William visited the cottage. Mrs. Linden feared the consequences. She felt the disparity of situation, the inequality of mental endowments, and a thousand other objections which a fond mother will always urge in behalf of a beloved child. Mary confessed the value of her mother's opinion, but tremblingly hoped that the issue would be different. Their situations and circumstances she confessed widely differed; but there was one in which there was no superiority—they loved each other. Love knows *no* distinctions. He respects as much the peasant as the prince: and however great the disparity in every other situation, all who kneel at his altar equally receive his blessing.

There is a time of life when the passions are ardent and difficult of restraint, when the heart is susceptible of every impression, and like melted wax once enstamped, the image must be broken to be destroyed. Thus it was with Mary—she would trust every thing to William—his very thoughts and language were hers; and, like the air he breathed, wherever he went, her thoughts would instinctively follow.

Often at sunset, they would stroll along the Hudson, and gaze together upon its variegated scenery:—the white-sailed sloops, deeply laden with produce, and marking their courses through paths of silvery foam—the distant palisades lifting their frowning heads above the dark waves that border them below—the passing steamboats flying on their wingy paddles, and pouring forth their volumes of smoke upon the tranquil air—the bright forests of evergreen overhanging the river, and always smiling, like the good man, as well in adversity as joy—the lofty hills beyond Tappan, dark amid sunshine, and melting behind each other into the blue of the distant sky—the golden clouds piled upon the west as if they were the garments of the sun

thrown off at his entrance into his chamber—and the foaming streamlets escaping the thralldom of numerous mills, and paying their small but welcome tribute to the Hudson. Then he would amuse her by the recital of the most popular incidents of history, lead her through the richest fields of poetry and romance, and delineate so happily the enjoyments of the future, that she fairly revelled in the little paradise of his creation. Often at evening, the young companions of Mary would assemble under the willow, and amuse each other with the passing incidents of the village. Then they would listen to the sweet notes of William's flute as he accompanied Mary in one of his favourite songs. It was the composition of a friend long since departed, and was cherished by William as the dearest memento of his affection.

Forget thee ? No ; I'll ne'er forget
That joyous hour when first we met :
No, never, never.

Our love was like a tender flower,
That early bloomed in Flora's bower ;
Alternately sun, dew, and shade,
With cheerfulness bestow'd their aid,
Believing that the flow'r was made
To bloom for ever.

True love 's a plant to mortals given ;
 Which blooms on earth, but roots in heaven ;
 It lives for ever.

A bird of Paradise that flings
 Rich odours from its spicy wings :
 A spark electric that doth move
 Our hearts to think on joys above :—
 The breath of Deity is love
 That warms for ever.

The modest flow'r that sinks in death,
 Obedient to the cold wind's breath,
 Is lost for ever,
 But though it falls beneath the chill,
 Its sweetest perfume haunts it still ;
 And the young heart that once has knelt
 Before love's shrine, and fondly felt
 Its icy pride in rapture melt,
 Forgets it never.

I saw thy fond and faithful heart,
 When last we met so soon to part,
 For ever, ever.
 It told of days long, long gone by,
 And pour'd forth volumes in each sigh ;—
 It spake a language dearly known
 To one whose heart was thine alone ;—
 Of a young flow'r just fully blown,
 Blighted for ever.

The abatement of the fever, in the city, rendered it necessary for William to return. He knew that Mary loved him; that in parting, the fibres must be lacerated, by which their hearts had grown together. He departed with the fondest reciprocation of attachment, and continued for three months secretly to visit the cottage. The death of Mr. Clifford's agent in India required the immediate appointment of a successor, and William was selected to fill that important station. A dutiful child is not tempted from his course by the most flattering allurements. But how could he part with Mary—how leave her, without an explanation of his conduct? But yet how could he communicate it—how tell her, that even in the distant Indies, she still would be dear to him—that the remembrance of their mutual vows would alleviate the pangs of absence? By some unknown means Mr. Clifford became acquainted with William's visits to the cottage. His pride determined to prevent the consequences; and he hoped, by expediting the voyage of his son, to blight for ever the intended alliance. The next morning was secretly appointed for William's departure. He was about stealing a visit to Mary that night—to that dear

object whom he might see again no more. It was about sunset when he came into the village; and the last tinges of light, dressing out Nature in a kind of melancholy glory, seemed emblematical of his own hopes gradually expiring in darkness. A sudden melancholy preyed upon his feelings—he thought he had come there for the last time, although he had no idea of the nearness of the separation. Mary seemed that evening more interesting than ever. She spoke so kindly, and used so many soft methods to win him from his dejection, that her very fondness tended rather to increase his melancholy. He tried gradually to break the subject—hinted at the possibility of separation—spoke of the pangs of parting,—and reassured her of the fondest and most lasting fidelity: but he could not speak of his voyage—but would defer it till another time, when her heart would be better prepared. Who can pourtray the feelings of Mary? She feared something dreadful impended; but her fears served only to unite more strongly the chains of her attachment. There is nothing more durable than woman's first love. Like the unfailing stream, which, stealing through the recesses of the forest, secretly struggles with the

impediments that obstruct its course, until it mingles with some other rivulet with which it forms an identity; but, however divided from its channel, or diversified its way; notwithstanding the impossibility of attaining its destination, and forced entirely contrary to its original course; though lost in perpetual windings, and exposed to the influence of a scorching sun, still its source in the forest will always remain pure and unchangeable. They parted with the solemn promise of meeting the ensuing evening. William took her hand, and as he pressed it with more than usual earnestness to his bosom, told her that nothing but death should prevent the fulfilment of his promise. On his return home, he learned the necessity of his departure in the morning. The vessel was prepared—the command of his father was pressing—he saw that affection must be sacrificed at the shrine of parental duty. The parting from his family was such as might be expected—some tears were shed—and blessings bestowed—a lingering press of hands—a last embrace, and he was gone.

The afternoon was beautiful in the country
The honeysuckle reposing against the posts of

the piazza breathed forth a delicious fragrance : the torrent dashing from the neighbouring mill-dam sparkled as brilliantly as ever : the birds had never more sweetly serenaded the cottage : a sweet boquet of flowers blushed most bewitchingly from its China prison on the mantel : a fresh bunch of asparagus was budding on the hearth and above the pictures : a pair of new curtains, as white as the driven snow, hung from the windows, while on each side a nosegay of sweet flowers concealed the nails by which the loops were supported. Mary alone was gloomy. She was meditating on the last words of William—on his wild air—and the possibility (as he hinted) of a lasting separation. What could be its meaning? Could he be really faithless, or was he constrained by the cruelty of an ungenerous father? The evening came—but where was William? At every opening of the gate—at every barking of the dog—at every approaching step, the lovely sentinel was certain it was her lover. She could not sleep: her parents were disturbed by terrifying dreams, and woke the next morning to relate their apprehensions. The next evening, and a whole week transpired, and he had not yet made his appearance. Se-

cret inquiries were made of him in the city, but his father pretended ignorance; and it was impossible to learn any thing, except some vague reports, that he had been casually seen, but had as suddenly departed. He could not have been false, but must either have destroyed himself, or been accidentally drowned. The villagers were questioned—the neighbouring streams and woods were searched, but not a trace of him remained. A pocket-handkerchief was found bearing the initials W. C., with a few torn papers here and there in the woods, and fragments of writing that could not be deciphered. His mysterious words at parting struck poor Mary to the heart. She believed him dead—and, like the flower of the valley, she bowed resignedly to the blast that withered the blossom of her joys.

A month elapsed, and yet no tidings of him were heard. It was reported by the young villagers, that he was seen sitting on the bank of the river—sometimes wandering along the paths where he loved to walk with Mary—at others, around the cottage—and the well-known music of his flute was heard of a still evening near the lake. One of the rustics affirmed that he saw

him, one moonlight night, upon the bridge, fixing a sepulchral gaze upon the glassy waterfall thundering by its side. Others beheld him walking upon the river; while a few had the folly to assert they perceived him plunging down the mill-dam, and sometimes riding upon a fiery charger, at full speed through the village. All these stories were sacredly treasured up by the superstitious, and had considerable effect in persuading the cottagers, that William must be no more. Superstition is a disease contagious to all ranks of society; and they who most sturdily deny the existence of apparitions, are the very first proselytes, when the popular voice is in their favour. If there be a superstition, which may be innocently indulged, surely that which augments the testimony of a future state may be allowed, to inspire those requiring such numerous incentives for preparation. To stories like these, Mary herself was incredulous, as she could not believe that the happily departed would ever re-mingle in the miseries of the world, and break through established laws for purposes so exceedingly futile. Sitting alone one evening in her chamber, she heard the mellow warblings of a flute, apparently issuing from behind the garden. She

listened a few moments, entranced by the soothing melody, and almost fancied it was the flute of William playing its favourite air. It continued but a short time; and although she waited several hours in anxious suspense, it was heard no more that evening. The family searched every part of the garden, but not a creature was there, and no one had been seen passing along that way. Poor Mary was absolutely confounded, and she listened several evenings for a repetition of the sounds; but she returned disappointed, and felt almost inclined to believe that it might be the spirit of her lover. Her parents tried to dissuade her from such a sentiment, and ascribed the music to the echoes produced by the winding hill, supposing it to proceed from some solitary idler, thinking of any thing else but disturbing a harmless family. All these observations little tended to wear away Mary's impressions. There were no tears or complaints to testify her sorrows; for true grief, like decay, does its work in silence, and is only known by the ruin it occasions.

At the close of a calm summer evening, enlightened by the golden-faced mirror of the

harvest moon, Mary was sitting under the arbour of the piazza, contemplating the undulations of light admitted by the trembling vine-leaves, as they were moved by the refreshing breeze, that was fanning the sultry air. All nature was reposing but the restless stream; and nothing was heard but a few bustling swallows contending with each other for the best share of their rich feathered nest. Mary's parents were sitting in the little hall, talking over, no doubt, the endearments of their younger days, or looking forward with concern to the disposal of their daughter. Mary was humming her lover's favourite air, and was listening to the softness of the echoes as they stole from an opposite eminence. On a sudden she heard the melting notes of the same flute which had lately so pleased and amazed her. It played a little while; and she was sure she recognised the beloved air; and then it was repeated—and then it died away as if by magic. What was her surprise when she heard the well-known voice of William singing the simple and well-remembered words, furnished him by a friend, and which were singularly calculated to soothe her melancholy:

The evening sky—the evening sky—

How bright its glories are !

Exciting thoughts of things that lie

Above yon radiant star.

The joys our spirits burn to know,

Will never here be given ;

The fountain whence true pleasures flow,

Is only found in heaven.

When we have slept that dreamless sleep,

Which dearest hearts must sever ;

O may we wake no more to weep,

But live in smiles for ever !

She felt that she wanted the power to move.—
Was she mistaken? She fancied she heard a
light step approaching from behind the avenue.
She was not sure ; but listening again, she heard
another, and another ; and by means of the soft
moonlight, streaming through the leaves, she
caught the dim figure of a man crossing the
entrance of the arbour ; and just as he reached
the spot, where the moonbeams fell upon his
person, she fancied she saw Clifford with his
flute in his hand, who, looking anxiously round,
pronounced the name of “ Mary.” A faint dim-
ness gathered on her sight ; and summoning in-

stant fortitude, she fled into the house and informed her parents of the singular apparition. All their persuasions could not satisfy her of delusion: she was sure she had beheld his very face and eye; had heard his own flute, voice,—and her own name pronounced in the exact way he always accosted her. Her parents perceived the prognostics of a mental malady; and well they might; for the poor girl not only endured the anguish of disappointed love, but feared she had provoked her lover's spirit to disturb her repose. She regarded this appearance as the real token of her William's death. She began to wander alone amid the scenes they once frequented, and invoke the shade of her departed lover. Her parents wept in silence over the idol of their hearts; but tears are feeble ministers to the grief of a distracted mind. A few months since, Mary was the delight of the village; but now—how altered! Her tall, graceful form bent down like a tender rose-bud overcharged with tears; her dark hair carelessly floated on her forehead, and parted in natural ringlets about her snowy neck. Her bright blue eye had lost its brilliancy; and the rose of her cheek had given place to the paleness

of the lily. She was beautiful even in misfortune, like the rainbow, more lovely for the cloud on which it shines; but her half-suppressed words, vacant looks, and sudden smiles that occasionally lighted her countenance, bespoke the probability of a partial derangement. Her mother imagining her recovery hopeless, and having used every effort to alleviate her sorrows, gave herself up to the canker-worm of grief, and died of a broken heart, a martyr to maternal disappointment.

The ways of Providence are often dark in domestic dispensations. When we behold the brightest sky overcast by the darkest clouds; or view the placid stream raised to an inundation by its innumerable sources; we acknowledge that the fertility of the plain is the necessary accompaniment, and we wonder no more at the singular calamity. But when we contemplate pecuniary misfortunes palsying the arm of industry, or the poison of disease wasting away the pride of health and beauty—when we survey the havoc occasioned by the last enemy of man, and weep over the precious buds and fruits that have been blighted or swept away by the tem-

pest, why can we not perceive an overruling Providence here, enriching and maturing the heritage of the moral world? "For, as some medicines are healing to the stomach which are bitter to the palate; and as it is by bruising and dividing its particles that cinnabar assumes a vivid brilliancy, and thence becomes vermilion; so, by the storms and trials of an adverse fortune, patience exalts itself into resignation, and resignation into gratitude."

With the depression of his spirits, sunk also the father's stimulus for industry. He was no longer seen turning up the mellow soil of his farm. The garden became overrun with weeds; and every object assumed a wild and desolate appearance, as if its inhabitants had long since deserted it. The debts of Mr. Linden amounted to a considerable sum: the produce of the farm was insufficient to liquidate them; and the wretched man perceived that ruin would soon complete the climax of his misfortunes. He was soon arrested by an officer of justice; his goods were levied upon, and advertised for sale the following week. The blow was indeed severe; but what should he do with Mary? the

knowledge of this might break her heart. She smiled when she heard the particulars, and taking her father's hand, piteously replied,—“Poor father! You'll no more have any home—none to comfort you;—but I—I have a home which no one can take away; William gave it me. There—there, on that rock, beside that weeping-willow, we will live so happy, and mother will come there too, and William will be there.—I will gather flowers, and William shall make a wreath for your head, and one for mother's—but none for mine;—my hot brain would scorch their pretty leaves, and that you know were piteous. Aye, and his flute—the little birds will sit on the branches over our heads and listen to his music—oh father! how pleasant it will be!” Her aged father could not suppress his feelings: he held his hand more firmly in hers, while tears of anguish rolled down his cheeks, as he said, “Yes, dear Mary, we have a home I trust; we have an unchanging home in heaven, where I hope we shall all meet, never more to be separated.” The day soon arrived when they were to experience a severer trial. It was a cloudless summer morning, not unlike that, when William and Mary became acquainted. Her

father had been busily engaged among his papers, while Mary was sitting in melancholy silence, surveying for the last time, those domestic conveniences which were so soon to be sacrificed. Here was her favourite dressing-table—there were her own pictures, which William had taught her to draw—there the old-fashioned bureau and chairs, rendered doubly dear because prized by her late affectionate mother. There is something inexpressibly painful in parting with those moveables with which we have been familiar from our infancy. It is like separating from the very friends of our bosom—we feel as if we were cast once more upon a desolate world, and we realize the uncertainty of our pilgrimage condition.

The officer had already commenced the performance of his duty, and was offering for sale the first article—Mary's work-table—when a figure at a distance was seen approaching the harbour; and, hearing the voice of the auctioneer, he stood suddenly still, as if desirous of listening to the proceedings. His countenance bore an exact similitude to Clifford's; but it was pale and worn down by trouble, and unlike that.

which, two years ago, appeared so fresh and blooming. At repeating the name of the article, the company was interrupted by the forbidding voice of the stranger—"Forbear—forebear!" "'Tis Clifford's ghost," cried several of the wondering multitude, and shrunk back from the door in terror. "I am flesh and blood," replied William, "and am come to relieve this family from ruin.—Minister of justice, take this purse and leave us, or, by my existence, you shall feel the vengeance, your cruelty deserves." The villagers fled away from what they considered an apparition, and left the family alone with the agitated Clifford. Mary gazed upon him—then upon her father—a vacant smile played upon her features. She looked again, and with her hands over her face exclaimed,—“take him away—take him away—he’s an impostor;—he’s not William—my William’s dead—he would deceive you.” He affectionately approached her:—“Touch me not,” she added—“do you not see these flowers? they were gathered for the ceremony, but they are withering like poor Mary:—let me crown thee, father, like the angels, with these faded rosebuds;—but theirs fade not, because they are immortal: how well this rose becomes your fore-

head—but roses wither if lying on the snow.” Her father and William stood with their arms clasped round her : and it was not until measures had been taken to restore her recollection by repose, and some weeks had transpired to prepare her for the intelligence, that William related the reasons of his past conduct.

It appeared that he had commenced the voyage in obedience to his father ; but that self-reproaches, for thus leaving Mary, urged him to return with the pilot-boat, and secretly wait the departure of another vessel. Dreading his father’s anger, and fearing to be seen by any of his friends, he hired an obscure lodging within a few miles of Mr. Linden’s cottage. He afterwards resolved upon an interview with Mary ; but he was restrained by the necessity of a full disclosure of his misery, and the possibility of being recognised and reported to his father. Several times of an evening he would privately approach, and venture to serenade the cottage. Once, perceiving Mary alone, he determined to approach her ; but disappointed at her abrupt flight, he attributed her conduct to contempt of his neglect, little dreaming of the suspicious respect-

ing his death, and the deep melancholy that was preying on the family. With mortified pride, he determined to gratify his father's wishes, and proceed, disguised, to India in the very next vessel. After suffering there two years the pangs of separation, he was called home by the death of his father, who vested in William's possession all his immense estate. He had visited the cottage that morning to claim Mary's hand, and atone, if possible, for his singular past neglect. Surprised to learn, at the village, that Mr. Linden's property was exposed to sale, he immediately hastened to stop the proceedings, and consummate as soon as possible his nuptials with Mary.

Her mind and countenance soon recovered their former vivacity. I passed through the village a few days ago, and learned that the happy couple were united, and were residing on a charming seat on the banks of the Hudson river. The aged Mr. Linden had lately deceased. The little cottage was yet desolate—the arbour had entirely fallen—its vine was dead—and nothing enlivened the ruins, but the mill-seat that was still there. Enjoying an ample fortune, a numerous offspring, and the society of an affectionate acquaintance, William and Mary Clifford were comparatively happy.

THE HIGHLAND BANDITTI.

[BY THE LITTLE MAN IN BLACK.]

"Who's there?"—SHAKESPEARE.

I VISITED, some years ago, a few friends in the Highlands of Putnam county, being some of the wildest scenery in any part of the United States. They are a rude, mountainous tract, seemingly parted by some physical convulsion, sinking and swelling into the most grotesque varieties, frowning on each other from opposite sides of the river; sometimes blocking it up in their awful shade, and at others, haughtily enclosing it in a narrower channel. No one would suppose that highly cultivated farms could be found in glens so seemingly barren; but Providence has provided here roses in the midst of thorns, and blessings amid the frowns of desolation. I left New-York about sunset; and after passing the rugged palisades, the gloom of evening gathered round the

landscape, and wrapped every object in misty uncertainty. I would often mistake the signal lamp of a steamboat for a light on some distant eminence—then the river would seem hemmed in by bold promontories, and headlands—frequently I would forget the course of the vessel, and then I was bewildered in changing the point of starting with the place of destination.

After repeated inquiries, the little bell announced the signal of arrival. I leaped into the boat, that rushed noisily through the water; while the paddles of the steamboat suspended their labour, and the liberated steam resounded in shrill echoes from the hills. I sprang on shore, and the boat was gone. But where were my friends who were to meet me on the bank? They must either have forgotten their promise, or I was landed at the wrong point. I felt really alone; for I was in a strange place, and without the sight of a single living creature. But where was the road? I saw nothing but the steep sides of a shaggy hill, which was washed from below by the moaning river. What must be done? It was dead midnight; the moon had not risen; the stars yielded but a faint light: no sound was

audible, but the signal tappings of a drum heard occasionally from the opposite point, and the roar of some distant cascade sounding fearfully along the valleys. I was environed by dusky eminences, whose shade only served to bring them nearer, and no mode of liberation appeared, but finding some passage through their windings. I hailed some sloops that were floating down the tide, but no one heeded the call—the next breeze and they were swept from view. I hallooed, but no one answered but the mocking points, and the noise of some snakes or creatures I had disturbed, creeping more securely into their dens. After clambering up the hill, I searched, if possible, for some egress from the fastness; but I only saw loftier mountains, and lengthening forests beyond, that threatened for the night to detain me a prisoner. The hill swept down a circuitous valley, washed by a filthy streamlet, causing me to sink several inches at every step, and sending forth a brawling laugh as if in triumph at my slavery. What was to be done? I was literally swamped—my boots were ruined by friction among the rocks—I felt faint and weary, and determined to procure some asylum till the dawn. I found a hollow tree just

suiting to my purpose—a mis-shapen trunk overgrown by vines and underwood, and lined with delicious moss that supplied the luxury of a pillow. Reflecting on my odd situation, I was disturbed by an approaching footstep. Advancing from behind the tree, it paused a moment in sudden suspense, and resumed its pace more rapidly than before. I listened—but merely caught the hollow hootings of an owl, that crept through me with dismal forebodings. Removing some of the branches, I saw two persons, apparently in consultation, and approaching at the rustling, somewhat nearer to the tree. “Pshaw!” exclaimed one, “’Twas only the wind that blew the leaves! I’m sure I saw him! He cannot escape us!” At the word “escape,” the seeming clash of swords struck one of the branches, and a severed twig fell to my feet as a witness of my danger. Though I could have faced the bravest enemy in an open field, yet now I began to play the coward. They are doubtless banditti, thought I, prowling on these hills, and my life may depend on the closest concealment.

At this instant a flash of lightning, blazing upon the valley, and the growling thunder, an-

nounced a coming shower. Listening again, I only heard the gentle flutter of branches, and the hasty roll of oars. The scud was dimly unfurling its smoky froth from the west, and the hills, lighted with tremulous flashes, rebellowed, even to the faintest reverberations, the crashes of the thunder. The wind from a breeze rose to a violent gale. The roaring river—the pattering rain—the echoing thunder and wind, prolonged through the crags, were nothing compared to the danger that enveloped me. To fly, might prove instant death—to remain, might prove equally fatal; but what resource was left but to sell my life dearly? Grasping my cane, I prayed not to be abandoned to the power of banditti, nor allowed thus to perish untimely and unaided.

The last gleam of lightning, playing on the rocks, disclosed the objects of my alarm, crouching behind the shrubbery, and, doubtless, waiting for their purpose, at the termination of the shower. I passed moments, that seemed hours, in agonizing suspense. The perspiration trickled from my forehead—my body felt the coldness of the grave: and regarding myself as lost, I calmly resigned to my fate. At length the shower

abated; the spongy clouds dispersed from the heavens, and unveiled the silver moon with her family of stars, enlightening the gloomy scene.

In an instant the same fearful voice was heard again from the tree—"Here is indeed the very fellow for whom we have been searching!" Judge my emotions!—conceive my amazement! when two men rushed upon me from the bushes; and as I rose to meet them with my uplifted cane, —who would believe it?—I recognised only my friends, who, having seen me land from the point below, had come to find me, but had been un- luckily prevented by the suddenness of the shower. Congratulations took place, at my es- caping their canes mistaken for swords; and though drenched to the skin, we tripped along the valley, now no longer a dreary marsh, to en- joy the hearty delights of my rescue from the Highland Banditti.

THE COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.

“ Remote from town, he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his place.”

GOLDSMITH.

I HAVE always thought, that a country clergyman, whose habits, associations, and interests are identified with his people, whose simple aim is to be useful, and devoted to his family and flock, is a model not only of pious simplicity, but of what the sacred character ought to be in every situation in the church. His residence is peculiarly congenial to his profession. The continual observation of pure skies, and healthful sunshine—the calm, composing quiet disturbed only by the song of the birds, or the lowing of the cattle—the contemplation of nature in her softest and wildest attire, with all that can charm by beauty, or solemnize by frowns—the mingling with

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the poorer classes of people who respect the counsel of clergymen, and enter with all the soul into their feelings—the simplicity, the retiredness, the adaptation in short of rural scenes, habits, and pursuits to clerical knowledge, purity, and usefulness, render their situation, in my estimation, delightful and enviable.

I know a country clergyman, the original of this picture. Settled many years at a neighbouring village, in the first parish of which he has had the charge, he has seen many of the middle-aged becoming gray under his ministry, and a large portion of the young grown up or married, regarding him with the purest respect and most filial-like affection. He is repeatedly consulted in matters of advice, even by the elders of his flock, who frequently come miles for that purpose, and scarcely ever a difference happens, but he is the arbiter of the dispute, which generally ends in the warmest reconciliation. Two ladies of his communion so far indulged their resentment, that they would not accost each other when meeting; and their mutual revilings had been long the theme of the village conversation: but at the second visit of their pastor, they consented

to meet and confess their folly. It was delightful to see them approach the altar the following Sunday, and pledge their forgiveness over the sacred elements. It was indeed the triumph of love over the bitterness of hatred. Like the grains of the holy bread uniting into one mass, and the clusters of many vines mingling in the same element, their hearts were knit together in the firmest affection.

There is nothing very striking in the appearance of my friend. He is uncommonly plain in his costume and manners, and one would naturally wonder what rendered him so beloved. But the only secret is—He is a good man—free from all that assumed politeness taught by fashion rather than the heart, from all that finesse and scheming policy which varnish loftier names, intent only upon the happiness of his own flock and family, and no farther versant with the world than their interest and comfort are concerned. He was never heard speaking to the detriment of any one, and of all the opinions he had expressed of his clerical brethren, he was never known to lisp the least unfavourable sentiment. He always thought, that as the most finished por-

trait exhibits, in unfavourable light, but blemishes to the eye, so the virtues of the best, unpropitiously viewed, may bear the aspect of vices, and their infirmities, virtues of no ordinary degree. Particularly fond of books, he would treasure up every theological rarity with miserly fondness, and nothing would detain him from his study, but the cultivation of his garden, the visitation of the concerned, the afflicted, or the dying. He was extremely attached to children, and wherever he went, the little ones would leave their parents to fondle upon his knees; and his approach was always notified to the family by their rejoicing around the door. He had a catechetical class of interesting little lambs who met for recitation every Saturday afternoon at his house, and after amusing themselves in playful festivity about his cooling enclosure, they were often dismissed with little books, as a reward for their diligence. He was always in the habit of making them holyday presents, and these operated as a motive to their good behaviour at home, and served more than the harshest threats to keep them still during the service of the church.

Once a year the families of the congregation



convene at his house, not only for the purpose of bestowing the tokens of their liberality, but manifesting the affection of both pastor and people. These parties, termed "Spinning bees," bring together numbers who can but seldom attend church, associate families otherwise strangers to each other, and tend to cement a family-like esteem among all the members of the flock. Here the young mingle in isolated groups, and indulge in sportive, innocent amusement—there the more advanced talk over their past adventures, or stimulate each other in the path that leads to heaven. Even those of other denominations frequent this festival of my friend, and vie with one another in affectionate liberality, as their pastors associate on the kindest of terms, and inculcate on their people the same friendly feelings. It is a picture, indeed, illustrating the beautiful declaration of the Psalmist—"Behold, how good, and how pleasant it is, for brethren to dwell together in unity!"

I am especially pleased with his parochial visitations. His visits of courtesy are not filled up with unmeaning stories, calculated only to excite foolish laughter, but with serious advice, with

pleasant illustrative anecdotes adapted to the instruction of those whom he addresses. He enters not the chamber of mourning as the cold-hearted formalist, conning over a lesson he had previously learned, his countenance belying the sympathy he professes, but like a member of the family, making the affliction completely his own, and applying consolation in that easy, affectionate manner that cannot but impress the listeners around him. After every communion, it is his practice to visit the sick members of his altar, and afford them the elements of their dying Redeemer, enabling them to realize that Jehovah "makes their bed in all their sickness," and as the "Shepherd" of his flock, folds the diseased ones in his arms.

My friend is not remarkably learned; but his mind is stored with a fund of the richest materials, which he can draw at command from the well of memory, to edify those who are the subjects of his ministrations. There is sufficient fancy to enliven the attention—sufficient erudition to avoid the air of pedantry—and sufficient zeal to escape the charge of fanaticism. But then there is such a vein of good sense, such

warm and practical treasures of divine truth, and such pathetic, forcible appeals to the heart, that if he cannot rank as the finest of orators, he may be defined one of the best and most useful of preachers.

I lately visited him in the house of sorrow, for the very best must drink of its purifying cup; and as affliction, I conceive, is the surest criterion of character, I deemed it a favourable opportunity of testing that of my friend. It was a dim October afternoon. The sky wore a dark livery of clouds—the wind blew rather loud and chilly—the parti-coloured leaves were eddying on its wings—the trees were almost bare, and nature seemed in mourning for the affliction of the pastor. He had just closed the eyes of a charming boy on whom he had doted; and no one but a parent knows what it is to part from the dear little objects, who have, like tender vines, clung and fastened themselves about the heart. The door was somewhat ajar as I entered the threshold, and I saw the parents kneeling in prayer with two small cherub daughters, near the coffin enclosing the casket of the departed jewel. The father spoke of the pangs of separa-

tion, occasioned by the monster Sin—expressed his submission to the divine will, invoking a sanctification of their sorrows,—but, oh! he dwelt longer on the joys of restoration, when the tears of parting should be for ever wiped away. At the close of the prayer, my friend met me as if nothing had happened, but his tender companion pointed me to the corpse, and then her sorrows began to break forth afresh. “Nay, but my love,” observed the feeling pastor, “were heaven opened, and you allowed to see your Henry with a palm in his hand, joining the song of angels, all smiling and glorious, could you indulge a moment’s lamentation? Though his body is cold, may not his spirit be now regarding us, and upbraiding us for shedding tears at the felicity of his triumphs? I heard,” he said, “of a circumstance that should afford consolation. An aged parent, in the highlands of Scotland, was deprived of an only child. Neither his friends nor his Bible could yield him the least comfort. As it was usual to sacrifice a lamb for the guests of the funeral wake, the customary offering was accordingly preparing. On the evening before the burial, while the father was sitting disconsolate in his door, a stranger appeared, sprinkled with

silver hairs—but his face glowed with the sweetest benevolence, and his pure mild eye denoted a celestial being. ‘What lamb, Sir,’ he mildly demanded, ‘is to be slaughtered for the approaching wake? Is it the whitest, and fattest, or do you mean to surrender the poorest of your flock?’ ‘Oh Stranger,’ replied the weeping parent, ‘your question is too cruel—on an occasion like this; can I fail to present the fairest and most valuable?’ ‘And yet,’ rejoined the stranger, ‘you would withhold your child, the fairest, and the most valuable of your family, from God.’ The aged stranger vanished in the evening mist—but the father was comforted.—And O that we too could receive similar consolation from the joyful surrender of the best of our domestic flock!” The remains of the dear boy were deposited the following day in their sepulchre, and every Sunday morning before service, the pastor’s family may be seen there a moment in silent meditation over the sod, before they publicly mingle in the devotions of the sanctuary,

Several years have rolled away—and my friend still officiates at the little village church, beloved by a happy congregation, who hope one

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day to mingle their ashes together. Both he and his companion have passed through similar trials—sickness has worn away the bloom of the pastor; but the pride of intellect and piety remains verdant, and, like the smiling evergreen, vegetates in snow as well as sunshine.

I have read of divines whose philanthropy and learning have excited a glow of enthusiasm—I have listened to preachers who have delighted with their oratory, or awed by the masterly powers of their intellect—I am acquainted with many clergymen whose erudition, piety, and usefulness endear them to my friendship; but I know of none who more effectually wins my confidence and love, than the model of every other, in my humble estimation, THE COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.

TRENTON FALLS.

Heights, which appear as lovers who have parted
In hate, whose mining depths so intervene,
That they can meet no more, though broken-hearted.

BYRON.

THOUGH we have heard much of the scenery of Europe,—of its meandering rivers which beautify and enrich the most charming of valleys—its cragged mountains, darkening with solemnity the surrounding country—its swelling landscapes rich in architecture, variety, and plenty—its smiling skies dispensing health, serenity, and beauty—and its caverns and grottos unsounded by human plummet, and secreting in darkness their riches from the eyes of man; yet but few Americans can visit this fairy land, and realize the truth or falsity of the picture. The poet and painter have adorned it with many a false tint denied by the hand of nature; and they who have

lingered most around its famous wonders, have been surprised at enthusiasm so unsanctioned by reality. It is a punishment worthy of those overlooking their native country, and anticipating, like wayward children, purer delight from home. But though separated from the old world by an enchaining ocean, yet the American feels that he has prouder rivers rolling through vaster tracts—landscapes enriched by wilder prospects—skies enkindled by as bright a sunshine—mountains more lofty, and venerable with snow—and grottos and caverns, if not richer and vaster, yet arousing more the curiosity of the inquisitive traveller.

Whoever has visited "Trenton Falls" must feel aware of this truth. Not as at Niagara, or the Cohoes, where the purple sunshine crowns the boiling waters with rainbows and coronas—and where a laughing landscape relieves from the frowns and thunders of the elements—but where desolation, solitude, and wildness reign fearfully alone—where the gloom of nature never kindles with a smile, and where nothing but the roar of torrents, and the scream of the mountain hawk are ever known to dart upon the ear. In descending by a flight of steps into this valley of romance, it seems

like leaving the living for the dead. The rapid stream appears rolling far below, black with the shadows of scowling hills and forests; and occasionally dim openings are seen, shaggy with rocks and cavities, and prostrate trunks of trees. A deep ravine, yawning to the view, seems the effect of an earthquake tearing and dissevering immense masses of limestone apparently fitted to each other. The Canada creek, forced from its paternal bed, and seemingly alarmed at its awful prison, nobly endeavours to leap from the rocky barriers to escape the chains that are trying to stop its way. Urging its course about three miles through the windings, and toiling and struggling with the obstacles around, it finally unites with its parent, the Mohawk—like the troubles of life terminating at last in the home of its desires. Sometimes it gently whispers over smooth stones and gravel—at others it foams impetuously down torn, sharpened rocks. Now it falls murmuring in gentle cascades—and then, storming in all the madness of thunder, it is hurled into rapids, whirlpools, and eddies, which cause the hills to complain of the horrors of the war. Various petrifications of shells, serpents, and fishes.

are found imbedded in the limestone deserted by the waters, as if the creatures congealed by terror at the scene, became a part of the very objects that occasioned their death. Frequently the visiter descends under black, projecting rocks, eclipsing the mid-day of heaven, and then rises upon narrow eminences overlooking fearful depths, from which he is feebly upheld by the protection of a chain. Often the precipices appear to hem in the valley, and then the pomp of forests vies with the sublimity of cataracts.—Now they form a cragged wall for the guidance of the waters, and again, suddenly breaking, are lost for a season from the view. Here and there upon the surface of the steep limestone, may be seen the tender wild flower blooming midst desolation, like the joy of memory springing in the bosom of sorrow; while amid the gray rocks, hardy forest trees tower forth, reminding of fearless ambition threatening amid the terrors of death. To contemplate the gay who continually resort here, gazing around them with astonished inquiry—balancing their steps for fear of the yawning precipices, and often overpowered in bewildered silence by the solitude and thunder of this dreary

gulf, resembles worldly pleasure drowned in noisy dissipation, but feeling gloom and danger perpetually hanging round.

I never heard of a more affecting circumstance than one which lately occurred here. A young lady, the idol of fond parents, had visited this place in company with a few dear friends. She was beloved, affectionate, and interesting; untainted by a world to which she was almost a stranger, and warmed with an enthusiasm, that paints futurity in the loveliest charms. Glowing with animation, she was fond of enlivening the happy circle of her friends, and joining in all those innocent amusements so natural and agreeable to the young. Her mind could either rise upon the wings of the poet, unfurl the sail of the traveller, or raise the veil of history to trace its shadowy pictures. She had a taste for the rich melody of music. She could mimic with her pencil nature's fairy scenes; and having a romantic taste, she was fond of wild, rural scenery, where the power of God subdues the feeling heart; or gazing on the softened landscape, where his mercy is so beautifully portrayed. They who stray not beyond the din of cities, have no idea of

the effects produced by natural sublimity. Alone amid the works of God, the worldly heart throws off its cloak of guile, and sees and feels the awful footsteps that are near. It hears him in the thundering cataract—the echoing mountain and the whispering forest—views him in the cooling rivulet, the swelling landscape, and the winding river; all these proclaiming in “the still, small voice” of the breeze—“If this world is so beautiful—what must be the grandeur and magnificence of heaven!”

The lovely young lady had never appeared more interesting and cheerful, than on the morning of the excursion. She expressed an enthusiastic wish to feast upon the scenery, and continued after most of the party to linger yet longer around its glooms. Was it a presentiment of the grave she was soon to find, or a melancholy adieu to the enjoyments of the world? Insisting on venturing forward, she gayly tripped nearer the precipice, holding the arm of a gentleman, who expressed his fears of advancing to the edge. It was a bold projection of rock, overlooking the maddening waters, now thundering down in broken cascades, then foaming

below in wild confused eddies, and raging in whirlpools that mock the opposition of man. Standing on the dizzy eminence, she was gazing on the mountain forests beyond, seemingly wreathing their branches in the curling clouds; or she was watching the bubbles and breaking spray, which smoked round the basement of the rocks. But whether it was that her foot slipped, or the tumult of the scene had overwhelmed her senses, certain it is—her companion looked wildly around, but, alas!—she was gone! His frenzied eye glared among the rocks, supposing she had wandered behind some shadowy projection.—He called loudly upon her name—but he saw nothing but her bonnet floating on the rapid whirlpool, and heard only the roaring torrent, and answering rocks announcing her dying knell. Her remains were soon found in the deep pool, wearing the same sweet look, sustaining but a slight bruise, and as the immortal spirit had fled, were committed to their parent dust far from the home of her childhood. Bedewed with the fondest tears, her grave will always be a monument to the young, thoughtless visiter, of the brittleness of life's thread, and the vanity of those calculations that may so suddenly be

thwarted. To her this valley, indeed, was the "valley of the shadow of death." Gay and happy a few hours before, she little thought of exchanging so soon her parental home for a tomb of raging waters. Who would have dreamed that the joys of the morning would thus be quenched in tears—that the song of health would so shortly be drowned in the notes of the funeral dirge!

What are all the dreams of worldly pleasure, interest, and honour, but curling mists that play around the mountain, dispersing in air at the rising of the sun! Let the gay consider, that the flowers of Paradise bloom not in this world; and that no enjoyment can be lasting, which germinates not in heaven. Every hour reminds them, that the fondest hopes will perish—that the richest treasures will fly away from the heart—that nothing but cheerful piety can yield rational pleasure, and ensure everlasting bliss beyond the prison of the tomb. Let youth, beauty, and strength remember, that human life is a descent into the valley of tears; and that every step they take is environed with dangers. Let them taste their blessings with gratitude and trembling, as thorns are among the blossoms, and poison among the fruit.

But Oh, let the bereaved take comfort, remembering, that though "God's ways are unsearchable," his mercy mingles in the bitterest cup—that trials are requisite to purge the dross of prosperity, and compel the heart to feel the presence of the Almighty—that the greatest afflictions most effectually purify the soul, and drive it nearer to its everlasting home—that if we would wear crowns of triumph with the piously departed, we must patiently suffer, and resign to the dispensations of an all-righteous Providence.

She has gone to the home, where the blessed are keeping
 Their watch over hearts, here in ignorance sleeping ;
 Where the soul, freed from earth, is resplendently shining,
 Undimm'd by the clouds of an earthly repining.

She has gone to the home of the King of creation ;
 A jewel to shine in the crown of salvation :
 That his power and his mercy by her might be spoken,
 In choosing a gem from a casket thus broken.

She has gone to her home,—tender bud of the morning—
 No longer the garden of Beauty adorning ;
 But though in its spring-time, the floweret has faded,
 It blooms in the wreath, which the angels have braided.

She has gone to the home that's untainted by sorrow;
Where eternally rises a blissful to-morrow;
Where the joy so unbounded requires no addition,
And hope sinks to rest in the lap of fruition.

She has gone to the blest home, whence none have departed;
The last, holy home of the fond and warm-hearted;
Yes, the home where enjoyment shall no more be blighted—
The dear, blessed home, where all hearts are united.

THE MONEY DREAMER.

"Dreams are like portraits, and we find they please,
Because they are confess'd resemblances."

CRABBE.

AMONG the numerous vagaries deluding the imagination in sleep, it is no wonder that some should tally with circumstances about to happen, as our waking thoughts have often been the precursors of corresponding realities. They who dream most, and talk most about their dreams, are the richest of all in the treasury of coincidences, and become a sort of standing prophets to the visionary world, which treasures up their follies, and retails them from age to age. Individuals have dreamed themselves more frequently rich than poor; and the reason is, because the inclination in the one case, excites to vigorous exertion, and nerves, on the other hand, the arm that trembles at the evils of poverty. With all their follies,

dreams may be providential instruments, of comforting distress, supporting despondency, and animating pious perseverance ; and again, they may arouse the callous conscience, exhibit the hatefulness of vice, and reclaim to duty the profligate offender. They who repose most credit in dreams may receive some benefit from the following story.

A rich, old publican, fonder of drawing corks than inferences, and of pocketing cash than insults, resided on a bend of the great southern turnpike. He was a singular genius that always wore two pair of small clothes, a white, circular crowned hat resembling an inverted punch-bowl, and a coat and vest that would have done honour to the days of the good old Antony Van Bummel. He was a huge smoker ; so that every room in his inn seemed coloured with yellow ochre ; and his pipe, of a clear, dark night, might be mistaken for a signal-light to welcome travellers to the hotel. He had something of a batchelor-like appearance ; though he always denied the fact, averring, that he had buried his wife somewhere in the old countries ; and no one could doubt it from the dismal effects that might naturally accrue from

such a connexion. He was always fond of cracking a sly joke, and though you could not perceive the connexion of his stories, he would shake your sides at his manner of telling them. Whenever a part pleased him, he would lay his pipe on the floor, roll a queer squint of the left eye, and stamp the floor with his foot, giving at the same time his thigh such a slap, as defied the powers of the soundest sleeper. But his ruling passion was superstition. He was a singular believer in tokens, dreams, and hobgoblins disclosing accounts of buried money; and he declared that he was no less than a seventh son, entitled by the law of dreams, to all the benefits of the birthright.

It happened one evening, that a hatchet-faced fellow rode up to his door, mounted on a poor, sorry mare almost tumbling to pieces, with a worn pair of saddle-bags, apparently as empty as the beast which they bestrid. He had a keen, knowing eye, a quick, restless air, denoting a turn for business; and a droll mode of putting questions, that trod so hard on one another's heels, that they might almost be mistaken for a single demand. Old Boniface eyed him with hurried puffs

of his pipe; and with a sifting leer of his eye, shook his white, arched beaver as if doubtful of his customer. "Why, zounds!" cried the new-comer, "I've travelled these long twenty miles, and dreamed of nothing but smoking steaks, and foaming ale; but I see nothing but a pipe as long as my arm, and hear nothing but quarrelling fowls on the roost, which should long ere this have been smoking on the gridiron!" The old German shifted his head to the other point of the compass, and smacked away in dogged sullenness; but at the chink of silver crawling from the new customer's pocket, there played upon his lip an old-fashioned smile of welcome. In a trice, our traveller fared like a prince—quaffed off his ale—smacked his lips, and began to talk seriously of jogging to the land of Nod. "That's a place, young man, I never heard of in these parts," observed the softened landlord, "except you mean a country spoken of by Moses; but heavy roads, and dark clouds, let me advise, are but sorry accommodations, of a night like this." "Indeed," returned the stranger, "then if you will accommodate me with a boot-jack, night-cap, and candle, and give me the honour of following in your wake, I will inform you in the morning of the appearance

of the country." So, without more ado, he was cooped up into a low-ceiled, tobacco-scented room, to sport in the land of Nod among the domains of his somnolent majesty.

By break of day, the stranger was walking the piazza, looking rather meditative and solemn, eying his host rather inquisitively, as he drew a chair within his cloud of tobacco smoke; and at length he thus broke the mysterious silence—"Are you a believer in dreams?" The old veteran ceased puffing, resumed the charge, and regarding him with a spectral eye, replied, "It ill becomes a novice to ask me that question, young man—Believe in them?—Humph! If I had all the bags of dollars which my dreams have brought to light, I would not at this day be standing behind a bar." "Why, what a providence," resumed the long-faced fellow, "that I should be selected to disclose such a mystery! To come to the point then, my old worthy, I am a seventh son, and I had a remarkable dream last night." "A dream—and a seventh son," muttered the wary old German, shaking his head musingly; "and what proofs can you give me of the truth of what you say?" "An honest tongue, and the

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fulfilment of my dream," whined out the younger long-face—"or no cure, no pay." "Enough," coughed out the other, "but your dream—your dream." "I dreamed then," returned the other, "that I was walking in the field behind your barn—have you a barn?" "To be sure I have," said the eager listener, pointing, as if the other doubted, to its sloping roof, "but what of the field?" "Why, then, I crossed a pair of high bars—then through a meadow—a meadow was it? Oh yes,—and then I came into a dreary looking place, with a woods on one side, and an old stumpy tree on the other, rotting on a mound overgrown with vines and briars—and the place looked so confoundedly queer that I almost wished myself awake." "What an inspired dreamer!" muttered the gray hairs to himself; "that was the very place where my predecessor was hanged;—but what then?" "Why, as I was standing near the old stump, I saw a strange figure beckoning me towards it; and I felt myself sinking, and sinking—till I stood bolt upright in a mighty heap of money—and then I said to myself, I heartily wish that I was awake with all this cash in my saddle bags!" "But what farther?" "Why, nothing; for your twanging horn pealed

such a blast in my ears, that I was forced to leave all behind me, and instead of having the money in my pocket, I was only enabled to bring you the news of it." "A dream—a seventh son—and buried money," repeated the venerable leer-eye, "but you did not dream of bringing away the treasure—how can it possibly be true?" "True," replied the other, with a knowing squint, "but am I not a seventh son, and if you had that honour, you would rather be counting out the money, than dozing over the story." The publican really believed there was something in it, and without another word, conducted the stranger behind the barn, then through the bars, field, and meadow, and stood before the identical tree pointed out in the vision. The traveller seemed to look round with terrified astonishment, but his guide after superficially examining the ground, disappointedly shook his head, observing, "Who would dream of money below brushes and rocks, which seem more the resort of rattlesnakes, than the abode of sovereigns and dollars. You are either no seventh son, or some foolish ghost has played you a trick in your dream." He turned on his heel in spite of the other's remonstrances, who apparently disappointed, returned whistling to his room.

The next morning he was found again on the piazza, and declared to his landlord, that he had dreamed the same dream again. He protested that the goblin had disclosed to him, under the tree, a hole filled with chests and pots of the richest coin ; but while he was carrying them away, a clap of thunder arrested his progress, and awoke him only to communicate the disappointment. After some persuasion, the old man walked back with him to the place—they drew up the bushes—and thought they saw something like formerly opened ground—but the noise of something approaching impeded further research, and they determined to postpone their enquiries for the present.

The dawn had no sooner purpled the hills, than our traveller was wide awake. With eyes, wild as hawk's, he soundly averred, "that he had dreamed the same dream again—only that he had brought home a shower of money—but that the noise of counting it had actually awakened him." "Aye now," exclaimed Boniface, "there may be something in that. Finding and counting money are always infallible signs. So now for business!" The crow-bar, pick-axe, and

shovel, were all sily conveyed by these cautious blades to the dreary tree of visions. It was a fine, clear morning. The rising sun appeared to clothe every object with gold, reminding them of the riches its light would soon reveal. It was a spot seldom frequented, as it bore the name of the "Haunted Tree," and even the cattle would not approach it, as the knoll produced nothing to satisfy their hunger. "Now come," said Boniface, "we'll see what there is in dreams!" "Yes, and the dreams of a seventh son," retorted the sharp-witted stranger. "But hush! what's that?" "It is only the noise of my farm horn," said the trembling old man, "that has no business to sound without my express orders." "It would be strange," whispered the other, "if my dream should prove false, for who ever heard of a triple dream becoming otherwise than true?" "Silence!" returned the busy gray hairs, plying awkwardly with the shovel, "and let us wait for conversation when the gold is in our pockets." They had some difficulty in removing the brush and stone that entangled their labour, until at last they opened something resembling newly opened ground. "Hang it, but," said Boniface, "the ground works rather easy, considering years

must have hardened it, and from the ease with which you work, you must be a capital hand in clearing new lands,—but hush! what noise is that?—or the State will cheat us of half of our earnings!” They heard another, but it was only the cawing of a crow perched upon a neighbouring fence. “Nonsense,” said the old one, “why toil here in vain for stumps and rocks, when we might be relishing at home a smoking, hearty breakfast!” “Peace,” returned the other, striking against something hard and shining; but it was only a polished stone which he threw in vexation at the crow. Having dug about six feet, they were arrested by something of a chest-like appearance, that caused a hollow rattling when plied upon by the pick-axe. “Huzza! huzza!” shouted the raw-boned laugher; “behold the dream of the seventh son realized!” “But where’s the goblin?” interrogated the venerable trembler. “It must have been that crow,” sighed the fellow facetiously, “or else my own ghost; for you know that the spirits of seventh sons wander while their bodies are snoring quietly in bed.” In breathless silence, they raised a large chest, and several pots of coin about the size of dollars, but they were covered by a thick mould and rust, that

rendered it impossible to define their value. "I know them! I know them!" rejoined the gray hairs, chuckling, "they are doubtless dollars or joes buried here in the continental war!" "Be careful, my old buck," returned the other, "what you mumble behind these trees, or I warrant before night, that the harpies of the land have it snug in their coffers!" They concealed the hole in which the treasure was deposited, and behind the veil of darkness, it was silently conveyed to the most secret room of the inn. It was counted upon the floor—and made ten rows of twelve pieces each, extending round the chamber. "All I want is my rights!" droned the smooth-tongued fellow, "and justice demands that I am entitled to half as finder." "Right," replied his grinning companion, "and I will close my barn of an inn, and live like a"— "A seventh son," responded the eye-sparkling stranger.

The old man agreed, that as the traveller could not carry so much specie in his saddle bags, that he would commute with him for bills to the value of three thousand dollars, and he besought of him as a favour, that he would speedily leave his premises, for fear of suspicions respecting the booty.

The traveller obligingly left the happy publican chuckling in the midst of his enormous treasures—and it was not until the following day, when he made arrangements to deposite his cash, that he discovered, the money was only base metal buried by the fellow, and washed over with a chymical preparation—that the best horse was missing from the stable—that the vision was all a fable—and that the pretended seventh son was only a villanous MONEY DREAMER.

TALES OF THE PRISON.

[BY THE LITTLE MAN IN BLACK.]

How many pine in want and dungeon glooms ;
Shut from the common air, and common use
Of their own limbs!

THOMSON.

IN Liberty-street, New-York, there is a dark stone building, grown gray and rusty with age, with small, deep windows, exhibiting a dungeon-like aspect, and transporting the memory to scenes long ago transpired, when the revolution poured its desolating waves over the fairest portions of our country. It is five stories high; each of which is divided into two dreary apartments; but the ceilings are so low, and the light from the windows so dim, that a stranger might be apt to mistake the edifice for a prison. Etched upon the walls, the initials of names, and ancient dates are still plainly discernible, which are said to have been the work of the American prisoners,

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confined there during the continental war. There is a gaol-like appearance of a door opening into the street, and another descending at the side into a dismal cellar-region scarcely allowing the mid-day sunshine to peep through its window gratings. The yard around this tall pile has been fenced up of late years, and a wing added to the south-west end to aid in the manufacture of sugar, to which the structure was originally, and has ever since been devoted. Curiosity led me lately to loiter round the premises, and rummage amid the gloomy mass, for relics of past events. A cart, backed at the gate, was receiving a huge supply of sugar loaves—a number of busy, smoky-faced fellows, were plodding up and down the steps—a sleepy-headed mastiff was dozing near the door—and around me were old hogsheads and boxes, and barrels, rough gable-ends of houses, the golden rooster that seemed crowing from the neighbouring steeple, together with the dumpous, old fabric, that made me fancy myself near the Bastile. As I was sitting on the step, there entered the yard a couple of aged veterans, somewhat shabbily dressed, haggard with years and cares; the one tremblingly supported by a staff which shook under his hand, and

the other by a crutch which but feebly supplied the deficiency of a leg. They gazed around in wild, inquisitive silence, and whispering to each other something which I could not hear, the one wiped away a tear from his eye, while his companion pulled him by the arm as if hurrying him from the most melancholy scene. "Stop, my good fellows," said I, overcome by the affecting sight, "Does either of you remember this old building?" "Aye, indeed," replied one of the silver-haired veterans; "this hole was once my home! For a long tedious year I was imprisoned here by the English, until Providence was pleased to favour me with the means of escaping. You may see the initials of my name, H. W. there," said he, pointing with his cane to an adjoining brick building; "and that was done when we were occasionally allowed to take a moment's fresh air in the yard.—But come, Jenkins, we have had enough of these sad memorials!" I was wound up to the highest pitch, and for my life I could not let the poor fellows go. I insisted on their accompanying me to a neighbouring hotel, where, after they had partaken of an excellent dinner, they amused me with the recital of some of their past adventures. The one-legged

veteran broke the silence first. "Perhaps you wish to learn something, Sir, respecting the sugar-house in Liberty, once, Crown-street: if you will pardon an old man's garrulity, I will relate to you the following particulars.

About the year 1777, when the British, under General Howe, had possession of New-York, they appropriated a number of public buildings to the confinement of their American prisoners. Among them were the Brick Meeting, the North Dutch Church, the late Friends' meeting-house in Pearl-street, the Gaol, and the Sugar house in Crown-street, while the Middle Dutch Church was sometimes used as a hospital, and also as a riding school for the use of the English cavalry. Though the bravest of nations, I regret that the British thus violated the temples of religion; converting them from asylums of peace, into unhallowed magazines of war. But War, you know, is a rash, blustering fellow, and whenever he flies in a passion does many things to repent of, when the carnage and bustle are over. I was then quartered at Belleville, New-Jersey, in the American army under Colonel Courtlandt, and we were encamped on both sides of the river on the

woody hills, where the village was seen beautifully reflected on the Passaic, seeming to clasp it in its silvery zone. We had been hourly expecting an attack from Sir Harry Clinton, but had been for several days disappointed. Delay, unfortunately, rocked us into security, and we were at last unexpectedly surprised. It was a dark cloudy night—not a star was to be seen. The last tap of the reveille had sunk us into a sound sleep, and only the watchword of the sentinels interrupted the silence of the camp. The fierce report of musketry roused us from slumber, and looking through the darkness, we saw the blaze of artillery playing upon our camp, and heard upon our right the shouting of a multitude of soldiers. A part of our army being on the opposite side of the river, many of us supposed that succour might be found there, and hastily plunged into the tide in the hope of deliverance from that quarter. “Come along—come along, my brave fellows,” cried cheering voices from the other side of the Passaic, “here are your friends,”—and sure enough, we were taken up and secured by a body of American refugees waiting to receive us on the bank. We were all made prisoners, and we were hurried along,

some with their hands tied behind, as a penance for their past bravery, and others growling under a hearty luncheon from a corporal's thwacking sword, doubtless to soften their flesh and prejudices at the same time. Our journey was rather tedious, lying through a long corridor causeway, formed of round logs sunk in the meadows, through a bewildering forest of pines, which is said to have been consumed by the burning of a load of hay, from a sleeping dutch farmer's pipe. Oh, the curses that were showered upon us by the rabble that followed, and more particularly by the American refugees, ten thousand times worse than the enemy. To cut a long story short, my detachment was marched to the Sugar-house in Liberty-street, and there we were allowed to rest our aching bones on sugared floors, by way of sweetening our bitter lot, and softening the hardships we had previously encountered. Our prison was literally an epitome of national distress. Here were herds of unfortunate Irish, belaboring every hair of their heads for suffering themselves to be cooped, like wild beasts, in such a hole;—there, wrong-headed Hollanders, spitting forth their malice, and muttering in broken English, their growls of

threatened vengeance. A number of frolicsome Frenchmen would snuff up whole volleys of rap-pee, and snapping their fingers at the sentinels' backs, would sing out "Washington and Liberty for ever." In short, we had English, German, Italian, and Portuguese; and such a motley crew of fellows you would be puzzled to find, except in the walls of the State's Prison, or Bridewell. Then we had continual bickerings, revilings, and battles; so that the soldiers were often obliged to separate the prisoners to prevent the effusion of blood that would have otherwise ensued. Our rations were unwholesome, and often scantily furnished. The neutral citizens would often send us temporary supplies; and although the English must have been privy to this, they had the magnanimity not to prevent it. To describe the filth, vermin, and intolerable stench which we constantly encountered would be impossible. The prison fever, at this time, breaking out among us, swept numbers from our society, and consigned hundreds but half dead to the clutches of the undertakers. I have seen many a cart-load of bodies piled up, like billets of wood, to be interred in deep holes around the city, without any other covering than their clothes and the cold ground.

One poor fellow was observed stirring in a heap of dead bodies carrying off for burial, but some humane citizen snatched him from the cart, and having been resuscitated, he lived many years to thank his deliverer. But I am not disposed to censure the cruelty of the English; for in such times as these it is impossible, amid the uproar and confusion, to avoid many things, which in public tranquillity we would abhor. New recruits to our body were continually arriving, and others were discharged who had been regularly exchanged. I became dreadfully sick of this prison life, and determined, if possible, to break the bonds of my servitude. I had been confined about eleven months, and had been anxiously waiting an honourable redemption. But as I indulged no farther hopes, I resolved to adopt some expedient for escaping. Though I had previously made several attempts, yet I was always unsuccessful. Either the sentinels were too wary—the yard was too full of soldiers—the windows were too high from the ground, and to fly from the doors would be to rush upon the very guards themselves.

I resolved that very night, when a large body

of prisoners was expected, to slip through the back door into the yard, and escape, by the darkness and bustle, to the house of a friend in the city. I had nothing about me but my clothes, an empty tobacco-box, and a few shillings; and there were no impediments in my way, but want of courage, or else failure in the attempt. I paced all day up and down the floor, feeling like a general with a heavy design in view, but with a fluttering heart, lest my favourite scheme should fail. I gazed through the windows on the town; but only a few English flags were seen waving in the distance, and crowds of officers and soldiers patrolling below through the street. The roar of distant artillery from the river was occasionally announcing new arrivals, and the shouts of mobs in various directions, filled me with no very agreeable sensations. I again longed to be in the thickest of the battle, and to rejoin the army under General Gates, to repay the enemy for my long-continued sufferings. I absolutely lost my appetite. When the evening rations were served out, I most independently refused my share, and felt that I was offered my own country's spoils, and enslaved on the soil of my own paternal home. I grew proud and sulky, and thought

only of drinking in the morning the success of General Washington, and the confusion of those who had so long made me a slave. The time rolled so tedious, that I feared the hour of deliverance would never come. The sky began to look stormy and dark, and the wind whistled shrilly about the windows. The clock, from the neighbouring steeple, tolled the hour of nine. It was about the time when the sentinels changed posts ; and I resolved to be near the back entrance the very moment they relieved each other. I listened till I caught the rumbling of feet in the court-yard, and the deep, quick voices of the sentinels answering, around the building, to each other. I stole stealthily along through the prisoners, and heard the tapping of the drum announcing the wished-for event. As I stood behind the door, I distinguished, through the gratings, the dim figures of the sentinels, and the slow clattering of steps ascending up the stairway. With a beating heart, I listened to the key rattling in the rusty wards, and immediately the door opened, and a deep file of prisoners entered. Stooping on all-fours, I crept cautiously through them, to the bottom of the steps, when I gave a spring into a dark, opposite corner, where

I just perceived the sentry turning round the edifice, and the heavy prison-door rolling back upon its hinges. O, how delicious did the sweet air of heaven feel to my parched-up spirits, and the very gloom of the sky became an object of admiration—but the recollection of where I was, chastised the satisfaction, and filled me with a horror which language cannot describe. I was standing in the angle of a high enclosure lately used as a barrack, but was now deserted of the soldiers, who were absent somewhere on service. The sentries were pausing near the door, and reloading their arms by the light of a flickering lamp, when a voice cried out from the yard, that a prisoner was standing in the corner. My first endeavour was to scale the lofty fence, or search for some avenue or window, to avoid the impending danger. But there was no possible egress, except by turning round and facing the enemy, for the fence was too high, and no aperture could be found capable of admitting my body. How the perspiration trickled from my forehead, when several footsteps were apparently approaching, and I felt that my plans were altogether blasted! The snapping of a musket-lock grated awfully upon my ears, and the figure of a red coat was

advancing hastily towards me. I cannot say what I did; but at this instant, a board gave way to my pressure, and immediately I was on the other side, flying, like a stricken deer, for my life. The flash of a gun was just visible behind me, and loud, murmuring voices were urging the pursuit of the fugitive. Nassau-street and Broadway were crossed with the rapidity of lightning; but the trampling of the hunters was fearfully gaining ground. Favoured by the darkness, I took refuge in an alley, now called Lumber-street, and several muskets were fired apparently in the next street, down which my enemies pursued me. It was really an uncomfortable night. The clouds were flying, like myself, in uncertainty and darkness, and occasional flurries of rain pattered down on my unsheltered head. But where was I to go? The house where I expected shelter was on the other side of the city, and to venture in the direction of my prison, was almost flying into the arms of death. There was but one resource left, which was to gain the North river, and find, if possible, a boat that might convey me to the American army. As I was stealing past the corner, a British soldier passed me: the barrel of his gun glittered on his shoulder, and the flapping

of his red coat darted for a moment upon my eye. I fled once more with the agility of an eagle, and heard again the cry of pursuit ringing fearfully after me. Words cannot express my emotions, when I found a skiff at the wharf furnished with a pair of oars, and moored to the shore by a short and slender fastening. O how wonderfully Providence often succours its dependants, and leads, as by an unseen hand, the wandering and perishing sufferer! I cannot tell how the chord was broken, but I only remember plying away with the oars, before I was conscious of handling them. It was fortunately flood tide, and with a lusty sweep, for I was no bad sailor, I was clearing the wharf with the velocity of an arrow, when I saw a company of soldiers collecting at the pier, and taking deadly aim at my poor, unsheltered carcass. The balls whizzed reboundingly back upon the water, and one of the oars trembled under the shock. But uninjured, I bent myself back upon the seat, and pulled away with a grasp which nothing but death could unfasten. I was already a mile from the landing, when, after the sound of advancing oars, a boat appeared behind manned with several persons, and a lamp in the pinnace seemed to light up the counte-

nances of soldiers. The wind was blowing a gale from the south-west, and the rocking of the skiff among the waves constantly endangered it with filling, and afforded me only an occasional glimpse of the barge,—the rolling of whose oars sounded most appalling to my ears. I feared not death—but the idea of being enslaved by the enemy was dyingly oppressive. The boat really seemed gaining upon me; for what can one do against the united exertions of several? Once I turned my head as the barge was mounting a wave, but the whistling noise of a bullet chilled further curiosity, and the report of distant cannon made me imagine that the whole British army was pursuing. My best plan was to fall in the shadows of the palisades, and rather than be taken, to make speedily for the shore, and conceal myself amidst the entangling shrubbery. The louder noise of approaching oars urged me to land as rapidly as possible. It was in a shelving cove, darkened by a gigantic rock on the left, whose top was overhung with hemlocks and cedars, some of which, torn off by the elements, were trailing their wild branches in the water. I pulled the skiff along over a ledge of slippery weeds, and hid it in a dark hole, fasten-

ing the cord round the cleft of a rock. I clambered carefully along on the body of a fallen tree, which landed me on a rugged knoll overlooking the dark waters, and terminating behind in a deep valley that retired into a cavity of the hill. Rocks, forests, and bushy heights overshadowed me from observation, as I looked down upon the boat, from which several fierce soldiers sprang, intending, no doubt, to secure the runaway prisoner. I feared to stir; as the least rustling might discover my retreat, and lodge in my head a few silencing bullets. There was no one here to tell tales; and avoidance of death in such a place must depend on concealment, or the most heroic bravery. Four or five brawny fellows, armed apparently with muskets, stood immediately at my side, and sat down on the very rock under which I had sought shelter. "Confound it!" said one, "We had like to have finished that chap on the wharf; but what a tug we had in letting off from the shore!" "Yes," returned a hoarse, murdering voice, "I wish I had driven this bayonet through his liver, and then have the sport of setting him on that stump for the pleasure of popping him down: but where can that fellow have gone for whom we have had such

a goose chase? By the powers! if I had him here, I'd make gravy of every bone in his body!" I felt the feet of one of the gang kicking my back, and immediately a fellow sung out, "Why, hang it, what have we here? I believe on my conscience that we have stumbled on that very identical scoundrel.—Come out here, my hare-hearted soul, and do not be ashamed to look in the face of six brave, honest soldiers!" I was dragged out, neck and heels, and with all the force I could oppose to the opposition of several, I cried out—"Murder me here,—ye miscreants! but take me not back to that execrable prison!" "Murder—Prison—och blazes," screamed out a squalid Hibernian,—“do ye think, jewel, its murdering ye we're after.—Be quiet honey, we'll not harm a hair of your head, only tell us what ye're after doing here; doubtless, ye're a murderer yourself,—or else ye would not be squatting behind rocks to fall upon poor defenceless travellers.” “I am a poor, unfortunate American,” I replied, “who have just escaped from the prison-house in Crown-street; and I have been flying for my life from the pursuit of the English guard!” “Ah, monsieur,” squeaked out a poor Frenchman, “I tell you he vas de prisonaire just fly from our prison, and vy did you fire de gun?”

The mystery was soon explained. The party were some of my late fellow sufferers, who, taking advantage of the search of the sentinels, had escaped, through one of the windows, to the North river, but not without maiming several of the Hessian guard, whose guns they fortunately brought away. Perceiving my boat, and mistaking me for a peaceable farmer, they discharged a musket to alarm me, and arrest my progress, in order to avail themselves of my counsel and assistance. They had followed me from the shore, and disappointed at not finding any person or house, they had determined to remain where they found me, till the morning. Oh, how joyfully did we recount the sufferings which we had escaped, and the future plans to be pursued, after the victories we should assist in gaining. By break of day, we jumped into our boats, and not long after rejoined the army at Saratoga, where that memorable surrender took place so important and glorious to America."

The one-legged veteran ceased, and the other laying aside his cane, related the following medley of adventures.

No. IV.—3

When the Americans had possession of Fort Washington, on the North river, which was the only post they held at that time on New-York island, I was a captain of light infantry stationed there on duty. The American army having retreated from the city of New-York, Sir William Howe determined to avail himself of the opportunity, and reduce that garrison to the subjection of the British. Our detachment at that time began to be in want of provisions, and as General Washington was at Fort Lee, it was a difficult matter to supply ourselves from a distance, without running the hazard of interception by the enemy. There was, only a few miles from our garrison on the Northern turnpike, a well stocked Inn-keeper, who, alarmed by British threats, was something of a refugee, and having refused to take any active part in the war, was suspected of secretly apprising the English of the strength and movements of the American forces. Though a noted coward, he was known to have in his cellars a large quantity of groceries, which he was in the habit of constantly retailing to both armies, and as he was considered an outlaw by the Americans, it had long been secretly determined to dispossess him of his

stores. It being the time of need with us, I was appointed, with a few others, to pay the landlord a visit, and under pretence of refreshing ourselves on the road, to ease him of the booty we so eagerly desired. But the grand difficulty was, whether we should openly attack him, or accomplish our purpose by some insidious stratagem. The former was not so easy, as he might secretly notify the enemy of our approach, and then the difficulty of finding the object of our search, might delay and frustrate the purpose of our mission. We considered it the best method, to be indebted to artifice, as a smaller body of men would answer, and as we were less liable to interruption and surprise. I was always fond of singular adventures, and to oblige my commander, and more particularly my own humour, I started off with several brother officers to put our designs in execution. We arrived at the inn in less than an hour, and found the landlord quite good natured and cozey. We called for a snug supper, with all the luxuries which his establishment afforded. We had broiled quails—roasted fowls—a fine boiled turkey—a surloin of beef—and every vegetable offering of the season. On one side sparkled gay-blushing Jamaica and crimson-

cheeked Bourdeaux—on the other, were pale-faced Holland and hasty-tempered Porter, ranged opposite to sparkling pitchers of cider and ale, which kindly foamed a welcome to the guests; while, as a body of reserve, appeared apple pies, mince pies, and custards, bringing up the rear of this formidable army. "Bless me, landlord," said I, "this is all finer than the cash which must pay for it—but it seems to me you are charmingly at ease amid the dangers which hang over your head!" "I have harmed no man," replied the thick-lipped taverner, "and by the same rule I hope that no one will harm me!" "What," exclaimed I, "have you no fear of the scowling English, who are ravaging the land, and making poor men of the richest among us? Think you, that if they will not let New-York rest, they will suffer you to slumber on the fat of the land?" "I have done no man any harm," again whined the landlord, "and I know not by what principles they attack those who place themselves under their protection;" "And do you suppose, you narrow-souled refugee, that the British will keep their promise? No, I warrant you—'tis only a pretext of war to entrap the unguarded, that they may the more securely

unload you of the booty of which they are in quest. Now harkyou, landlord—we are American officers, as you perceive, and wish to put you on your guard. Now, from what we have heard on the road, we have reason to believe that your inn will be attacked to-night, and all its inn-door blessings divided among a scouting party of English; but we only speak from hear-say,—there may be no truth in the report—but we would only, as friends, warn you of the consequences, that you may know who your friends are, in case of the threatened attack.” “Come, no jokes, now, brave Captain Dennis,” droned the chuckle-headed fellow, turning pale as he laughed, “I would not believe it, if I even heard it myself—but where did you learn the report?” “Hear the report, why, what a joke that the fellow will not believe us; but dont imagine that we will forsake you—and leave you to the clutches of these plundering vermin! No, no—so all you have to do is to surrender us your keys, and direct us to the place where your groceries are secured, and we will draw our swords most lustily in your defence.” The landlord stifled a horse-laugh, as he took down from a hook a bridewell-looking bunch of keys, opening certain

pantries and closets which he generously pointed out, and being inwardly satisfied that we were a garrison of ourselves, he declared that he felt himself as safe as if he were in the centre of General Washington's army. We pretended to be fatigued—desired to be showed to our rooms, and were only suffered to retire, on our express stipulation with the landlord, that he should be allowed the privilege of sleeping in our apartment. This was agreed to, and as the night was rather windy, and the hotel somewhat solitary and deserted, we repaired to our beds at an early hour: but not so the landlord—he seated himself near the fire and began to stir it up—then he would twist around in his chair—sometimes walk the floor—and at others stare out of the window, as if watching the motion of every shadow. “Gentlemen! American officers, I would say,” stammered the trembling refugee, “this seems to me to be an improper time for sleep! but no disparagement to your bravery, understand me, for I know that you dare to doze even under the muzzle of a cannon! But I say, Gentlemen—Officers—it appears to me that we had better stand guard, watching for the enemy, than suffer ourselves, like pigeons to be caught asleep in our cages! I

say, Gentlemen—I mean Officers!” We heard the poor fellow’s complaints—but we snored purposely so loud, that it actually drowned his noisy expostulations. I had considerable difficulty in smothering a roar of laughter at seeing our Boniface take off his coat and vest, and then put them on again—then he unhitched his pantaloons—and again he would rehang them on their gallows. Now he would peep out of the windows—then listen at the door—but at last he ventured, like a true veteran, to dismantle for the night, and retire behind the fortification of soft sheets for safety till the morning. But still the cry of “Gentlemen—Officers” rang in our ears for a full half-hour, when, provoked by the grumbling, and discordant complaints, Sleep laid embargo upon the tongue of the weary host. We remained still, and listened to the whistling of the wind, that was every moment sweeping the branches of the trees against our windows. The rattling of the sashes, the creaking and slamming of some terrific shutters and doors, that were keeping tune with each other, and the immense snoring of our landlord kept up so doleful a concert, that were it not for the purpose that kept our minds alive, we should really have given way to nervous pro-

pensities. Amidst this discordant music, the firing of musketry was heard around the house, and the confused voices of a multitude of persons approaching nearer and nearer to our hotel. It would have defied a Hogarth's pencil to depict our landlord dancing up and down the room, arousing us by the most endearing appellations to which he could lay his tongue. "O, the perfidy of the British! My house is attacked! O, the perjured promises of the infernal red coats! My property will be robbed! Gentlemen, dear gentlemen officers, help, help, help!" "Why, what's the reason now," we cried, "for all that confounded racket? Is this the way you disturb your guests from sleeping, because you only hear the report of a few muskets?" "Oh, gentlemen officers," the eloquent landlord pled, "your prophecy has come to pass: there—there—only see those red coats endeavouring to break into the cellars!" "Sure enough, there they are," we amazedly exclaimed, hastily dressing, "but be pacified, my good sir, your property is in safe hands—we have promised to protect you!" Several volleys of small arms were heard under the windows: the cellar doors, the side shutters, and the hall door were pounded with the most

abusive violence. "Open your doors—open your doors, you obnoxious rebel, or we will burn you to the ground, and make moonlight shine through you—unlock your cellars, and hand us out your stores, or we will roast you like a turkey before your own kitchen fire!" The taverner was after us, bringing up the van, holding up his small clothes, and entreating us to defend him from the red coats threatening to make havoc of his property. We heard the cellar door broken open, and persons apparently forcing their way down; and then the rolling of barrels, the clatter of voices, and the ringing of arms kept our host in a state little short of distraction. "Load your pistols, my brave fellows, I cried, and draw your swords, and let us march into the lower regions to be revenged upon these plunderers!" In a moment we were all arrayed, being eight in number, with our weapons, and were on the point of descending into the cellar, when Boniface insisted that I should stay behind to defend him, and in case I was wanted, that a signal of three knocks should be given. "Go on, then, brave comrades, I exclaimed, and let success crown the efforts of your valour!" We heard the tramp of their heavy boots till they reached the bottom of the

stairs, and then there commenced a tremendous firing of small arms—now the house would re-echo with the clashes of broadswords—again the shouts of victory would ring through the halls—then a dead silence would prevail—and now the rolling of boxes and barrels, and the apparent struggling of bodies as if violently contesting for life. To the publican's dismay, three loud knocks were heard upon the floor. They were the signal for my retreating below, and I accordingly left the landlord half dead with fright; and just as I was flying from the cellar, a party of British soldiers were entering the house, and our host was just informing them of the battle among his kegs. But my men at this time must have been more than a mile ahead with their booty, and mounting my fleet courser waiting for me in the road, I rejoined, in a short time, my party at the garrison. But our punishment was at hand. Our fortress was stormed on the following day by the British army; by General Kniphausen on the north, by General Matthews, aided by Lord Cornwallis, on the east, together with Lieutenant Sterling, and Lord Percy. So fierce and successful was the attack, that twenty-seven hundred of us were taken prisoners, and a number with

myself were marched off to New-York, to take our board and lodging at the Crown-Street Sugar House, where I think that I paid compound interest for the trick I paid the poor refugee landlord. If "one good turn deserves another," I am sure that injustice and crime seldom fail of meeting their deserts in this world; so that the pleasures of criminality are far outweighed by the accompanying evils which it inflicts. It would require a more eloquent tongue than mine, to describe my residence in this filthy prison. It was like the soul inhabiting a putrified body. I made a number of attempts to escape; the first of which, for its oddity, I cannot fail to mention. Feigning myself sick, I refused to taste the least morsel of food; and so well did I play my part, that the surgeon pronounced me actually in danger. I carried the joke so far, as to counterfeit death, and I lay nearly half a day stretched out in the manner of a corpse. In the hurry of removing the bodies to the cart, I too was bundled with the rest, and while my hearse was moving off, I had the temerity to give my undertaker the slip, and in my haste to mingle with the living, I unloaded by my struggles several of the dead. The driver, supposing that the corses

were returning to life, was just on the point of taking to his heels, when, perceiving the soldiers giving chase to a dead man, he calmly adjusted his load, and drove along to the place of interment. My weakness prevented me from running as fast as my pursuers, and, to my chagrin, I was brought back to the prison, and honoured, they said, beyond my deserts, with a real resurrection to life. I began to resign myself to despair; a fever set in after this mockery of death, and I came very near being carried off its victim. The prisoners were becoming as discontented as myself. A large proportion had been imprisoned more than a year, and there was no prospect of deliverance. I became acquainted with an amiable young American, the wretchedness of whose lot tended to alleviate my own. Brave, companionable, and kind, he has sat many a weary night at my side, consoling my sorrows, and beguiling the dreary hours with his interesting history. He was the child of wealthy and doting parents, who, having given him the best education in their power, intended to devote him to some honourable profession. When the revolution broke out, he was pressed into the service, and having been broken down in various

battles, was imprisoned in the Sugar House, far from his parents and friends, who had long since considered him dead. But there was one, from whom he had been torn, whom he loved better than all the world, to whom he had repeatedly written, but had received no reply. "My dear friend," he would say to me, "if you survive me, and escape this deadly hole, will you inform my dear parents and Eliza, that their Henry perished a captive here, breathing the most fervent prayers for their happiness?" I gave him the most solemn assurances—but I tried to cheer him by the hope, feeble as it was, of restoration to the friends of his bosom. "Tell me not," he would add, "of the hopes of reunion. There is only one world where the ties of affection shall never break, and where the joys of kindred spirits will evermore commingle. The imprisonment we suffer is one of the strongest arguments for such a state, or the Being who made us would be unjust to his wretched creatures!" One evening, as we were sitting in the narrow window, we perceived a young woman standing at the gate, and imploring the sentinel for admission into the prison. She entered this dreary abode, like an angel among the dead, and flew to her recognizing lover, all pale and altered as he was. Oh,

love requires no tokens to point out the beloved object; but like the magnetic needle, points, with undeviating exactness, to its mark, in all climates and seasons; and like two kindred drops of water, mingling instinctively with each other. There could not have been a more affecting meeting. She told him, that she had received his last letter, but could not answer it—that his parents were yet living, and that she had written to them of the contents—that her widowed mother was still at the homestead, and that anxiety to see her Henry had nerved her to brave the perils of the journey. Staying with a friend in the city, she promised to visit him every day, and alleviate the sorrows which she could not remedy. I resolved to interest the guard in behalf of the young man. Among the Hessian sentinels, there was one who was in the habit of serving out our rations, and who, from long intimacy with the prisoners, was almost considered a friend. As he was about closing us up one night, I kindly solicited his attention—told the story of the hapless couple, and endeavoured to make some impression upon his feelings. He was about turning away, when, upon my offering him a guinea, which I had secretly concealed, he became all ear, and promised to befriend us. He informed me that he

would not mount guard till the following night, and that if we would be at the rear door precisely at midnight, he would certainly unfasten it, and clear the coast for our escape. The news operated on our minds like the most bewitching cordial. Even the gloom of our prison wore a livelier aspect, and our bondage seemed lightened of half of its burden. Who can describe the heaviness of the lingering moments? We counted, with fluttering spirits, the middle church bell tolling the appointed hour. The prisoners were sunk in a profound sleep, and not a single step of the sentry was heard walking its rounds. I was inclined to believe that the Hessian had forgotten us; when we heard on a sudden a cautious tread from without, and the wards of the lock slowly yielding to the key. The door partly opened, and a low, rough voice invited us to advance. It was a clear moonlight night, but not a creature was to be seen. We softly descended the stairs, and, headed by our guide, we were led through a narrow opening, at the corner of which we fancied we saw a soldier, but it was only a tall post partly illumined by the beams of the smiling moon. The dark figure of our conductor trailing behind him a short, heavy musket,

made us feel how much we were in his power. Leading us through several windings, the faithful Hessian brought us to a side street, near which were two persons, apparently engaged in conversation. The tapping of a drum warned the sentinel to depart; and while Henry was expressing his apprehensions about the strangers, his name was called, and in a moment he was folded in the embraces of his parents and Eliza.

Having received her letter, the former had that very day arrived, and it was by a secret appointment, between the sentinel and Eliza, that Henry so unexpectedly met them. Words cannot express our mutual rejoicings. We lodged that night at the house of a friend, and the next morning I took leave of my affectionate companions, who immediately returned to their native villages, and were shortly, I understood, rewarded with each other. Wearied of battles, I remained neutral in the city, during the remainder of the war; and peace soon shedding its happy influence around, the voice of devotion again ascended from the churches which had been occupied as prisons, and business resumed its sway in the Sugar House, the dungeon of all my sufferings.

THE ILLUSTRIOUS DEAD.

All that's bright must fade,
The brightest still the fleetest :
All that's sweet was made,
But to be lost, when sweetest.

T. MOORE.

THERE is something sublimely affecting in the contemplation of the illustrious dead. We can follow ordinary persons to the grave, and hallow their sleeping remains ; we can mingle our tears with the bereaved, and pour in their bleeding hearts the balm of consolation ; but their death leaves no permanent impression, like the murmuring stream that washes the traces from the sand. But when we bend over the ashes of those who towered among us as pyramids in wisdom and usefulness, whose path was illuminated by their genius and virtues, and whose life and departure have been consecrated by the prayers of thousands whom they have blessed ; we almost feel as if the world had suffered a momentary

shock, and we look despairingly around to remedy the loss. The fall of a solitary rock, the prostration of a single edifice, may produce a momentary tremour; but it is only when the mountain totters, and the city is engulfed in ruins, that the soul is electrified with dismay.

This reverential homage to the memory of the truly great is the adoration which is paid to intelligence and virtue, and is, in some degree, an evidence of the immortality of the mind. It is not the unmeaning respect rendered to the individual, but to the principles which have elevated, the virtues which have adorned, and the benefits which have immortalized his character; and these consecrated by our best wishes and feelings, are embalmed in pious recollection, and preserved by the sculptor and historian from the shades of oblivion. Every nation has shed its tears over those who, having been sent by heaven to illuminate their country, have retired from the world, to give place to the exertions of others. They are like the stars of heaven, which as fast as one declines, others rise to diffuse their light. Great and good men may be indeed regarded, as the instruments of Providence in the meliora-

tion of the world. They are the moral angels deputed to enlighten and purify society, arouse the ambition dormant in the human breast, and fire, by their example, to brilliant and praise-worthy deeds, transmitting their blessings to the latest posterity. Yet they are never appreciated till their mortal career is closed. Familiarized with seeing them, with catching from their lips the treasures of intelligence, with living as it were in the sunshine of their superiority, we never know their loss till they are set upon our sight, and every object around is involved in darkness. When we see the death-pall covering the ashes of the renowned, and a nation's tears are beheld falling upon their sod from the eyes of its noblest citizens, it is then they find "an epitaph in every mind, and a tomb in every heart." The instantaneous burst of feeling, "How can such men be dispensed with?" is answered by the reply—that the Omniscient has done this to convince us he can do without them—that his means are as endless as his purposes—that he can raise up others more powerful than they, and that he can render even their death instrumental in the furtherance of his designs.

In the death of illustrious men we view the imbecility of human plans. So supremely dependent seems success on the efforts of human sagacity, that we calculate the issue, by the talents of those concerned. National prosperity appears identified with the genius of its statesmen, the policy of its rulers, and the mental powers of its literary men. All the light that streams from literature and science—all the social gifts which impart gladness to the domestic circle, and fill the soul with silent and unspeakable enjoyment—all the privileges which flow from the hallowed fountain of civil and religious liberty, are supposed entirely indebted to the wisdom of worldly prudence, and the calculation of a few enlightened philosophers. But when the wisdom that should have counselled is speechless, and the influence which sustained, is palsied by the spear of death: when the genius that should have enlightened, is quenched in its orbit, and the heart that would have administered happiness, has frozen in its tabernacle, who does not perceive the folly of dependences so frail, so flattering, and so false? When the enlightened statesman, on whom are suspended the destinies of his country, falls a victim to the destroyer, and the judicious policy

he has pursued, bids fair to be blasted by the gathering political storm: when the eloquent counsellor who is both the guardian of justice and the advocate of suffering, is swept from the ranks which he ornaments as well as defends: when literature is bereft of its firmest and loftiest pillar: when the illustrious physician bows to the stroke which he has averted from the hearts of others: and when the useful divine, cut off in the prime of his usefulness, resigns the earthly for the heavenly fold of his Redeemer, are we not taught the fallacy of human policy, and the vanity of the wisest calculations? These pillars are removed, that we may perceive that they are not our supports:—These luminaries are quenched, that we may realize, they are not the source of wisdom. Powerful means, like these, must be used to eradicate our worldly dependence, and found our hopes on a better and more durable foundation. The heart must be often wrung with disappointment, that the mind may contemplate a superintending Providence—an Omniscient Intelligence controlling our concerns, eliciting good from evil, light from darkness, and consolation from the thorns of sorrow.

'The death of the illustrious tends to excite a spirit of public sympathy. Oppressed by its own griefs, the heart is too selfish to feel for the public weal, and make its interests, in any degree, its own. In lamenting the departure of a great man, devoted to the public good, all are led to feel their relation to the community; and in sympathizing for the loss of one equally endeared to all, they foster a sympathetic spirit in the distresses of others. The illustrious dead are regarded as a sort of family relative. They are the ties which entwine the reserve of ignorance with the warmth of consanguinity, and connect the enjoyments of private life with those of the community. They are the common centres about which the public hopes and fears revolve; and if they expire, like fallen stars, in darkness, while every eye is fastened on them, it is no wonder that the tears of mourning should stream from every eye.

In the demise of the great, we contemplate the intellectual glory to which they have been admitted. Though towering far beyond the mind of the multitude, they were still imperfect beings, dazzled by the same phantoms, deceived by the same hopes, and limited by the same nar-

row boundaries. Embued with the literature and erudition of the age, they felt the infancy of mind, and the barriers which opposed its perfection. To suppose that those faculties are torpid, and those principles dead, would be an imputation on the goodness of the Supreme Being. It is a conclusion, warranted by supernatural testimony, that they have joined kindred spirits in the light of celestial intelligence, and are exercising their faculties in the highest possible perfection. As every thing in nature rises to its level, so the intellect of the pious will seek its own element in glory. Occupied in a sphere adapted to its capacities, the soul may cultivate its own peculiar taste, only freed from the corruptions enfettering mortality. Why may not the distinguished in intellect mingle together in celestial unison, and "differing from others as other stars in glory," be especially favoured with the contemplation of those mysteries, to be hidden perhaps from less aspiring minds? What a refined association, when the bards of profane, shall mingle their pious songs with those of sacred poetry: when the holy historians, philosophers, and literaries of all ages and nations shall commune together in mind: when the wise, the

eloquent, and the powerful of the earth, shall meet the apostles, the prophets, and the princes of inspiration! It will be an intellectual feast worthy of enkindling our most burning anticipations; for their expansion of faculty must equal their glory. No mortal eloquence can describe such a meeting! not the loftiest angel could depict the heart-entrancing blessedness that must emanate from a state like this!

It is profitable to meditate upon the illustrious dead, that the heart may be excited to imitate their virtues. We are more satisfied with admiring than rivalling the excellent. Cold sentiments evaporate from the lips, but virtuous principles seldom take root in the heart. We think that the height of the illustrious is too lofty to reach; and commending them for supernatural gifts, we are cowardly contented to occupy the valley. But we should remember, that the deservedly renowned are often more indebted to persevering industry, than remarkable mental endowments; and that it is in the cultivation of the faculty in which we excel, that we may be enabled to attain greatness of character. But it is not by a single step that the lofty mountain is

ascended, but by gradual advances unremittingly up its side. Thousands that have gone before us, may ascribe their success to progressive attainments in wisdom and virtue; and myriads that will come after us, will arrive by the same road, to conspicuity.

What should then retard our pace, or intimidate our exertions? We are not required to pursue the bubble reputation, which breaks as soon as formed, but the honourable distinction of great and good men, who laboured more to deserve than seek after fame. The example they have taught, shines before us like a pillar of fire, to encourage our advances. We feel the world trembling and crumbling beneath us; and we hear the death bell of our hopes on every passing breeze. We see that nothing is immortal but lives devoted to usefulness and piety, in enlightening the wanderer, solacing the mourner, and alleviating the toils of the pilgrimage of life. Let no earthly fascination, no corrupting sentiment, no hollow example, seduce us from the narrow path, and plunge us into whirlpools of inevitable ruin. As citizens of heaven, aspiring after an immortal crown, let us vigorously press

forward to our imperishable reward. Then, whether living in obscurity, we pine away in poverty and neglect: though our names are ungraven on obelisks, or monuments, yet we shall live in the affections of the amiable and the virtuous; we shall receive the commendation of the searcher of hearts; and on every bosom shall our epitaph be written:—

They have gone from the world in the light of their fame,
Like the star that is lost in the morning's pure flame,

The brightest that shone at even:

But they live in the home of the blessed on high,

And their star is now hid in the glorious sky,

By the holy light of heaven.

NAHANT:
OR THE
INDIAN'S CAVE.

The murmuring of the sea-shore was a hymn
Sung by sweet voices: every chaf'd pebble
Rang with a crystal tinkling as it roll'd.

ATHERSTONE.

THE human mind, panting after enjoyment, courts every variety of occupation and scene. Enervated by pleasure, we seek the shades of meditation: wearied by business, we retire to the stillness of solitude: oppressed by the robes of ambition, we mingle in domestic scenes, and find, in the friends of our bosom, the comforts denied by the world. The eye wearies with reposing on the fairy landscape, the dimpling river, or the soft blue heaven spangled with its crown of stars, but wanders among dreary mountains, caverns, and volcanoes; pauses at the seashore, and drinks in its wild tempestuous scenery: or it pierces

through the innumerable systems, peopling the solitude of space. This adaptation of circumstances to the varying moods we indulge, not only argues an overruling Providence, but the limitless powers of the soul. It shows, that there is nothing beneath heaven which can satisfy the heart; that every station we take discovers a higher, and still higher in prospect; and although lost in the immensity of our conceptions, we still dare to penetrate the fathomless regions beyond.

Every large city is generally endowed by nature with charming romantic retreats, apparently intended to gratify this propensity. Among the enviable resorts frequented by the citizens of Boston, is the little peninsula of Nahant, joining the township of Lynn, and ambitiously jutting out into the bay, as if vying with the main land in warding off the incursions of the sea. To a person approaching it by land, it appears like an arm stretched out to welcome his arrival; whilst the timid might construe it as a token of warning to guard him from the dangers which yawn around. Of a still calm day, it swells out upon the bosom of the bay, lifting its gray rocks above the smooth mirror of the water,

which, darkened by their angry scowl, resembles virtue overshadowed by the trials of adversity. But when a strong east wind beats upon the ocean, it more resembles an island attacked on all sides by the waves, and bravely defending itself by its towers of rocks which rise defyingly around it. Though it is delightfully accessible by water, yet a visit by land is far more agreeable; as the prospect is diversified by a fine view of Boston harbour—the numerous bridges connecting the opposite sides—the beautiful village of Charlestown, and the famous Bunker hill, near which the traveller passes; and then the fine Salem turnpike, beautified with country-seats, churches, and villages, until we arrive by a bye-road in full view of the ocean to the north; while to the right a white level beach sweeps more than a mile and a half to the south-west, forming a narrow isthmus joining the peninsula of Nahant, which seems from the agitation of the sand, to be entirely inaccessible except by water. To ride over the beach on a strong west windy day, the foaming surges rolling in silvery ranks, and breaking along the shore—the white clouds of sand, of various shades, flitting rapidly by like a river towards the ocean—and then the roaring wind pouring over

the dreary waste, makes you fancy yourself riding on the very sea itself; and frequently dizzied by the motion of the rapid sands, you can scarcely perceive that you are moving. There is something powerfully impressive in the observation of wild ocean scenery. We rise above ourselves—we forget the petty pursuits and vanities of the world—we seem to view the Deity in the union of sky and water, and hear the whispers of eternity in the dying of the waves upon the shore. As in the moral world, seasons of adversity are peculiarly adapted to improve the pious mourner, so it is beautifully ordered, that gloomy contrasts, in the physical, tend to elevate the soul in wisdom and goodness.

After crossing Bass neck, which suddenly winds to the north, a smaller beach is passed conducting immediately to great Nahant, consisting of about three hundred acres of cultivated land and a number of dwelling houses, occupied as inns, for the reception of visitors in the summer. A spacious hotel has been erected at the north end, about three stories high, surrounded by a double range of porticoes, and furnished with bathing houses, and other resorts of amusement for those

who have more taste for worldly gayety than the sublime enjoyment of natural phenomena. On the western side appears the beautiful village of Lynn; and farther beyond, within a distant promontory, the busy town of Marblehead, swept upon the east by a bold strait of sea, several miles in extent; and then the eye moves along the opposite side, down Boston bay, among shelving coves, projecting cliffs, and irregular winding shores. The borders of this peninsula are one continued mass of iron-bound rocks, thrown into the most irregular postures, and, seemingly, the effects of one of those earthquakes, said to have visited Massachusetts more than two centuries ago. Here nature appears in her wildest and most beautiful attire. A noble river bearing on its bosom the commerce of the east—villages gladdening the distant view with their spires reposing upon the green of the shadowy landscape—bold, lively shores rising and tapering into the wildest irregularity—the dark blue sea beyond apparently embraced by the sky, and occasionally enlivened by a dim snowy sail fluttering on the blue of the perspective—the torn, rugged rocks around,—the roar of the waves dashing among the cliffs—the shrill cry of the sea-gull and other wild

birds joining the loud concert of the ocean, render this spot the most agreeable and most romantic of scenes.

On the northern banks of this peninsula is a chasm nearly thirty feet in depth, which, from the violent rushing in of the water at about half-tide, and the noisy gush with which it is accompanied, is distinguished by the appellation of "the spouting horn." Towards the eastern extremity is a singular curiosity known by the name of the "natural bridge." It is formed over a cavity between two solid rocks, which look towards the sea, and join by an oblique cleft of stone seemingly torn from the general mass, and obstinately contending for its right to the parent sides. You look down a narrow ravine about fifty feet deep, between shattered cliffs, and wild verdant shrubbery, and a view is caught of the ocean waves rolling their frothy surf to the shore. One could sit for hours musing upon the rocks below,—here rising into mimic hills—there sinking into vallies—now frowning into precipices—then towering aloft into mountain-like boldness, and hemming in their dark shade the restless waters beneath them. The waves continually dashing among the rocks

present the most interesting spectacle. In some places, where these are high, and scooped out into excavations, the eye reposes upon diminutive lakes, occasionally flurried by the eddying wind and spray. When lower, and guarded from the sea by a sloping mass, they present small stagnant fens and pools, covered by sea-weeds and moss, waiting only for the incursion of the next tide to sweep them into existence. Amid the slanting gulleys, numerous streamlets, supplied by reservoirs continually filled by the sea, wind and rush along, bearing on their narrow bosom the tributary freight of twigs and sea-weed to the beach—then they are broken off into mimic cascades, eddies, and whirlpools, until weary of tossing and contending with each other, they insensibly mingle with the floods of the approaching tide. The contemplation of such a scene is a beautiful contrast to the sublimity of ocean prospect. It is like the moral variety that chequers the path of life. There are moments when seas of affliction lower and rage around the soul—but then Providence always affords some gleams of consolation—some green and pleasurable prospect on which the heart may delight to rest.

At the southern extremity, nearly at the verge of the shore, is situated the phenomenon denominated "the Swallow's Cave." Descending from the bank, along the steep gravelly hill, the path suddenly turns a high shadowy projection, into a deep, Gothic-like excavation about five feet high, and pursues, through the solid rock, a distance of about twenty-four yards. The ceiling is carved by nature into tall but irregular Gothic arches, and rises through the whole passage from eighteen to twenty feet. The sides are ruggedly perpendicular, and the floor uneven by its elevations and cavities. Perpetual humidity reigns in this dreary cavern, from the continual droppings of water through the crevices of the ceiling. There is a slight bend in this singular cave, and through a fissure of rocks from which one enjoys a fine view of the sea, you step along the rugged beach, and grope your way up the opposite side of the hill to that you just descended. It is called "the Swallow's Cave" from the great number of that species which hatch their young, and inhabit there the greatest part of the year, and are even said to exist in it during winter, in a completely torpid state. From a circumstance, said to have happened there about two hundred years ago,

when the primitive settlers of Massachusetts were embroiled in war with the Indians, it may be more properly distinguished by the appellation of "the Indian's Cave."

The wars of king Philip, Sachem of the Wampanoags, with the original settlers of New-England, filled it with terror, devastation, and blood. Jealous of the growing wealth and influence of the English, and exasperated at the diminution of their paternal territory and privileges, the Indians took occasion, from the execution of three of their people, to open an immediate warfare. The whole contest consisted in a series of ambushes, skirmishes, and skulking battles, requiring the most undaunted courage and finesse; and such as distinguished Captain Church, who was remarkably successful in the war. Sometimes Philip and his people would secretly attack the settlements and villages, and put to death many of their peaceful inhabitants: often they would swarm the country in search of plunder—consume the dwelling-houses—carry away their families, and treat them with every kind of cruelty, and commit all those barbarous outrages congenial to their method of warfare.

Much may be offered in their extenuation, when we recollect the wrongs they endured; in being driven from their native soil, in beholding their hunting-grounds wrested from their possession, and in their everlasting alienation from the homes of their childhood. Where is the patriot who would not thus have been aroused to shed his dying blood, at the loss of his liberty, his commonwealth, and his home!

About this time an attack was apprehended by the peaceful inhabitants of Lynn. They were mostly a colony of Friends, mingled with a large body of Puritans, who, strongly tinctured by the superstition of the times, attributed their calamities to their own, or their ancestors' crimes. Witchcraft, at this period, maintaining considerable sway in the New-England colonies, many old women not only professed demoniacal inspiration, but the power of divination, with regard to public and domestic events. Numerous atmospheric phenomena happening about this time, gave a kindred tone to the feelings of the people; and battles, earthquakes, and deaths, were as accurately determined by second sight, as if the facts themselves had actually occurred. It had

been publicly reported, that a large body of Indians were in ambush around the village. Sometimes, several were said to have been skulking in the environs—at others, near the sea-shore—then the report of musketry, and the shrill war-whoop of savages would terrify the listener, and some of the inhabitants would be swept from their families. The people were kept in continual disquiet. Constantly under arms, they never knew when they should be attacked; and they dreaded to be off their guard, lest they might be surprised by a party of Indians. One night, the villagers were aroused by the war-cry of the enemy; the discharge of fire-arms was heard at a distance; and about forty Narragansets made their appearance. The Lynrites charged so vigorously upon them, that, panic struck by the attack, they fled towards the sea, in the direction of Nahant, and were soon lost sight of in the darkness of the night. These assaults became so annoying that, scarcely a night, some dwelling was not burned, or some one found dead or missing in the morning. Public measures were devised to prevent these depredations. But who should pursue the enemy, and attack them in their own fortresses? Where were they to be found? and

who should be the guide to discover their retreat? There was a bold fellow, captain of a troop of infantry, who agreed to go upon the expedition, with a volunteer corps of twenty-five men. As the utmost caution was necessary, they were not to whisper a syllable of their intention, but set off the following night on the object of their embassy. They were all armed with broad-swords and muskets; and each one, for safety's sake, carried a bible in his right, and the Westminster catechism in his left pocket. As a pilot to their course, they resolved to consult a knowing old witch, by the name of "Wonderful;" a harmless, keen-tongued woman, that lived, near the Salem shore, by fortune-telling; discovering lost property, and predicting many odd events, even by the roll of a cow's eye, or the curling of the smoke about her chimney. She was always applied to in every emergency; and what could be more important than the protection of their lives from the Indians? It was a dismal night, when the cavalcade halted at the ruinous-looking hut; but they found the attentive "Wonderful" leaning on the creaking under-door, as if anxiously waiting for their arrival. The dim light of a candle was seen flaring on a crazy sort of a table be-

hind her, and gave her whole profile such a ghastly appearance, that she might have been almost mistaken for an inhabitant of the lower world. "Welcome, my brave soldiers," cried the dark withered dame, leering her small gray eyes expressively upon the leader,—“success to the enterprise you have undertaken, to defend your land! There is plenty of game, I warrant, where so many fowlers are ready with their pieces! But I know where they are,” whispered she in a slow, drawling tone; and the candle near the door, that instant, was extinguished by a gust of wind—“and before to-morrow’s sun, you’ll be sure of the wild, yelling devils!” “Hark! comrades, are we betrayed,” said the eagle-eyed Captain, with his hand upon his sword, looking round as he spoke; but, raising his voice, he added,—“Take care what you say, ‘Wonderful,’ to an up-and-down son of old England, or, confound me, witch, you’ll wish, to your sorrow, you had a shorter tongue!” “Ods, bugs!” shrieked out the withered hag, “I have not lived these three-score years to be laughed to scorn by a blustering soldier of thirty! I tell you then, that you are after the Indians; and that you will find them, forty in number, on the Nahant shore, waiting to dip their

tomahawks in the blood of your families! I have been counting the clouds all this past week—I have watched the motions of the cattle—and the curling of the smoke, that wildly blew towards the Great Neck, made me morally certain that something terrible is brewing:—

“ Mingle—mingle—mingle—mingle—
 Away—apart—together—single—
 The Indians on the shore you'll see—
 Your death or life—remember me !”

She bolted the door in their faces, and with desperate courage, they betook themselves to the great beach, joining the peninsula of Nahant. The dark sea was beating upon the shore its tumultuous waters—the loud west wind sweeping over its sandy plain, caused its surface to resemble a snow-drifted field—then it would roar along the sides of some pent up hill, causing the dry weeds and brushwood to rattle; and again it would die away like the spent groans of some one in pain. The seeming island before them resembled a black stormy cloud, resting on the river; and not a single ray of light glimmered on either of the party. “Are you ready men, to stand by me and die?” demanded the gallant

Commander, pausing to search for the road, almost buried in the drifting sand. "Aye, aye," exclaimed twenty voices at once, fixing on their bayonets to as many muskets, and preparing to draw from their scabbards the same number of clumsy swords. "Follow me, then, my boys," was the reply, "to the Nahant shore; and I will go and reconnoitre; and let the report of my pistol be the signal for you to advance." "Agreed!" cried the whole party at once; and, after cautiously moving along under the shadow of the lofty rocks, they arrived at last under the natural bridge that overshadows the easterly shore of the peninsula. The tall acclivities on either side were hemmed in by the hill behind; and observation was partially excluded from above by the rugged cleft that crowned the top. A winding, gulleied path led around the rock to the brow of the steep eminence from below; and there was no danger of being surprised, without sufficient opportunity of ascertaining the strength of the enemy, and secreting, or escaping, just as the occasion served. Here the party was left, by its intrepid commander, who silently withdrew to search after the Indians. A full hour elapsed, and still no step was heard among the gravel.

“Where can our Captain be staying?” every tongue inquired:—“he has either been scalped by one of the red-faces—or has fallen off some rock into the rapid current below!”—A light footstep was heard cautiously treading upon the stone bridge above, and appeared as if clambering, and striving to gain a higher footing. “That surely is not our Commander,” whispered one of the company, “for he would not be so foolhardy as to expose himself to observation; and besides, who would think of finding the red boys on the high, flat banks of the river?” “True,” replied another; but further inquiry was suspended, when some loose gravel and stones were heard falling from the sides of the precipice; and through the torn excavations between the bridge and hill, the profile of a tall figure was seen moving among the bushes; and then it stood still, as if listening to every breath of sound. The veiling clouds hid every star from view—the waves of the Atlantic broke almost at the feet of the soldiers—there was nothing before them but the sea, which the darkness identified with the sky; and the whole scene, like the object of their mission, appeared enveloped in perilous uncertainty. “Hark! what noise is that Heroche?” demanded a rough voice above them,—“I certainly

saw an English soldier skulking among these rocks!"—"Impossible!" returned the other, "do you suppose any white man would be so daring, as to venture in our thickets, and expose his naked head to the tomahawk of an Indian? No, no;" he added with a screeching laugh, "the white man is no such fool!" "Pontiac," resumed the other, "are the tomahawks all sharpened, and our guns all ready?"—"To be sure they are," replied the other, "the Indians' wrongs are deep and hot—they require sharp hatchets to reach them—and much blood to cool our feverish brains!"—All again was still; the sound of their voices and footsteps died upon the ear; and the first suggestion of some of the band was to search for, and attack the individuals: but mature reflection taught them that it was their duty to await the return of their Commander; and that the pursuit of but two of the enemy might expose them to the assaults of hundreds. The absence of their leader became alarmingly tedious: they thought they heard his approach in every rustling leaf—in every sliding pebble:—"Hark! do you not hear their war-dance?" inquired one.—"No," replied a listener, "I only hear the roar of the spouting horn, or the sighing of the wind along the cavities."—"But what is

that?" said another. "It is only the point of a gray rock, broken off by the ocean. And see how that cedar waves at its side, like some tall Indian, to waylay the traveller!"—The wind partially subsided, and the dim, cold sky became lighted by a streak of stars, through a long broken cloud from the ocean. At this moment a light, cautious tread was heard upon the beach; and, in a moment, the Captain rejoined his troop, commanding them to follow him in breathless silence. They had hardly turned the brow of the hill, when they perceived a gigantic figure, skulking among the rocks, and, in an instant, he was gone; but where, it was impossible to discover. "Shall we fire at him, Captain?" interrogated a low voice. "Your life depends on silence," whispered the cautious leader, glancing narrowly around; "so you have only to hide behind this cavity; and whenever you hear my blunderbuss, hasten and fire upon the enemy within that narrow chasm. He pointed to the spot, now called "the Swallow's Cave," and his compliant troop sunk down, prepared, behind the sides of the hollow hill. Hearing an approaching step, he spied, at the angle of the projection, an Indian entering into the natural cavern; and he rapidly hurried to give the signal of alarm to his men. Clam-

bering silently along by the edge of the chasm, he saw, once more, within it, a number of Indians asleep upon the rocky floor. A small fire was burning at the farther end, and two gigantic fellows, one of whom seemed to be the chieftain, were examining the edges of their hatchets, and the ammunition in their pouches. The other was apparently listening, but hearing only the moaning wind, he fell in a half recumbent posture, regarding his companions, whom an instant's warning could awaken. "Curses light upon the cruel English!" said one of them; "to-morrow's sun, I trust, will set upon them for ever; whoever flies from the spot before they are sacrificed, shall be scalped in the morning, and his body hung upon a pole." The Captain could wait no longer, but aiming at the chief, whose death might decide the contest, he heard a step at his side, and felt his arm pulled back by a person, he perceived to be a woman. Her face was wrinkled and gaunt; her motion slow, but firm; and, muffled up like a spectre, she beckoned the soldier to follow. It was a moment of singular suspense. It was at the dead hour of midnight; and certain of its being a messenger from the grave, he resolutely accompanied the figure. They gained the brow of the hill, and, raising the mantle from her head,

which revealed the snowy locks of three-score and ten years, she spoke:—"I am no apparition, Captain, but I am only 'Wonderful,' come to implore you to shed no blood. What! would you cowardly murder these poor wretches in their sleep, when you have it in your power to secure them in a far more honourable way? I promise, on one condition, to deliver the enemy into your hand, without the loss of a single drop of blood." The Captain solemnly pledged his word, if compatible with honourable war. "Then wait here!" exclaimed 'Wonderful,' for the Indians are at your mercy." In a moment she was out of sight. What was to be done? The most perplexing suspicions crossed the mind of the soldier. Could it be a stratagem to entrap him? Had he not better alarm his men?—But then the probability of endangering the scheme of the enemy's capture, and besides the well-known integrity of "Wonderful," urged him to await in silence, the result of the adventure. After something like an Indian shout, he thought that he distinguished the low notes of conversation; then it died away, and again it was resumed in louder and more earnest tones. Fearful of surprise, he stood with one foot on the side of the hill, prepared to alarm his troop, in case of accident or

treachery. He perceived, at length, from the pinnacles of the gray rocks, two persons advancing; and, on their nearer approach, recognised an Indian under the guidance of the witch. The Captain, with his hand upon his blunderbuss, boldly advanced somewhat nearer to the parties. "Whiteman!" the Indian chief exclaimed, "an Indian knows both bravery and gratitude. Our mother informed us, you approached, like the lion, our sleeping party, and, with his magnanimity, you spared our lives. You first unsheathed the tomahawk, but we desire to bury it. Why cause the poor Indians' hearts to bleed, and make them as dark as their own forest caverns? Was not this our home? Did not the Great Spirit give us these rivers—those hills—and forests, from the rising to the setting sun? Why drive us among the panthers and bears? We only fight for our rights, and the Great Spirit tells us that they are usurped by the white man!" "This is no time to parley, chieftain," observed the English soldier; "our business is to avenge our wrongs, and your only hope is to surrender, or these shores must drink your blood!" "I came not, brother, to sue your favour," replied the Indian; "if we have been tigers, instead of lambs, who is to blame but the white man? Were not our homes first beg-

gared by the English?" "One fire of my gun," interrupted the other, "decides the fate of your people in the cavern; and, unless you surrender this instant, all Nahant shall be in a blaze!" "Brother," resumed the chief, "I surrender on one condition only." "Mention it," returned the other. "That we be allowed to depart in our boats, on condition of burying, for ever, the tomahawk." "No:" declared his indignant antagonist, "we will not,"—"Captain," muttered 'Wonderful,' "Do you remember the oath, you solemnly pledged me?" "What oath, woman?" demanded the soldier. "That you would grant me one request, if the Indians were delivered into your hands?"—"And that request is"—"It is," returned the hag, "to grant a free passage to the enemy as he desired." "If, brother, you refuse," added the son of the forest, "we will rather swim in our blood, than submit to other terms." The pistol of the officer was already levelled, and snapped in the air—but the flash was the only consequence. "Heaven forbids you," cried the withered woman, "to make the intended sacrifice; and if you still persist, I will arm its indignation against you." The clouds, clearing away, disclosed several bows of light, spanning the eastern and western shore; and the shock of an

earthquake, accompanied by a peal of thunder, arrested the attention of the party. "I consent, then," replied the relenting son of Mars, reading his duty in the elements; "but pledge me your solemn oath, that your people shall not engage in the war!" "I swear it," said the chieftain. Both were satisfied. They parted on the hill, each to announce to his people the approaching preparations. After meeting on the shore, and exchanging a last farewell, the former returned to Lynn, to announce the termination of hostilities, and the latter in their canoes, for the shores of Pocasset.

It was full morning; the sun shone beautifully on the rocks of Nahant, no longer the theatre of war. It has been rumoured, that the old witch was secretly under the protection of the Indians, for the advice which she bestowed; and gratitude, for their kindness, induced her to save their lives. Her death soon rendered further inquiry useless; and she is said to have been buried near the entrance of the natural cavern. Many of the superstitious, living near the spot, profess to have seen her apparition among the rocks; and few of the aged can visit "Swallow's Cave" without remembering the singular escape of the Narraganset Indians.

THE LEGEND
OF
SCHOOLEY MOUNTAIN.

As the ivy climbs the tallest tree,
So round the loftiest soul his toils he wound,
And with his spells subdu'd the fierce and free.

W. SCOTT.

THE same light which diffused literary and religious knowledge has dispelled the shades of superstition from the greatest portion of our country. Occupied exclusively in clearing and cultivating their lands, our ancestors were contented with the rude, oral traditions, transmitted from father to son; and, unable to discriminate falsehood from error, they received them as the undoubted observations of experience. But when scientific research began to pour its blaze upon the darkened understanding: when commercial interests opened a communication between places hitherto estranged, and the doctrines of religion

found the mind prepared to comprehend, and abandon the absurdities of ignorance; then the mind, not only loathed the thralldom which it had escaped, but wondered at the infatuation which had so long enslaved it. Experience is, doubtless, the grand test of delusion; and they who have been most thoroughly drilled in her school, and suffered most under the rod of her chastisement, know best how to appreciate the moral light which they enjoy.

On one of those branches of the Alleghanies, which intersect the southern part of Morris county, New-Jersey, there is a singular mineral spring, trickling through a small crevice in the solid rock, and led off by gutters into bathing-houses, and other reservoirs, for invalids, who frequent this spot at various seasons of the year; not only on account of the properties of its waters, but the salubrity of air, and romanticity of scenery, with which this mountain so peculiarly abounds. The range, though not very lofty, is here and there scooped out into wild, deep forest glens, divided into narrow and devious passes, enlivened by noisy cataracts of water that foams down its cragged precipices: and some-

times impervious, by the forest trees and shrubbery, which line its sides, eminences, and valleys. There is a particular part of this mountain, not far from the spring, hollowed out into a gloomy circular cavity, about half a mile in breadth,—girt by woodlands of impenetrable shade,—apparently the abode of wild beasts, or banditti, and calculated to foster those superstitious impressions so naturally imbibed in early established settlements. Not many miles from this place is a beautiful little village, that has grown into conspicuity since the continental war, consisting of a sparse, but busy population—the descendants of many brave families, who suffered much in the achievement of our independence, and the perpetuation of those blessings so proudly enjoyed by all. When the revolution poured its ravages in this neighbourhood, many of the wealthy inhabitants are said to have buried large sums of money in the mountain; not only to avoid the danger of being plundered, but to secure retreats for themselves and families, in case of being compelled to fly from their habitations. In consequence of a tradition of concealed treasures in the ravine, before alluded to, many attempted to discover the spot, and enrich themselves with

wealth inherited only by the moles. But the grand difficulty was, how to accomplish this; for though months were spent in examining the ground, digging up and clearing the paths, and testing by the money rod the value of every spot—still their efforts were fruitless. Some went so far as to say that they knew the place well, for that the money was guarded so strictly by the spirits of the owners, that it was almost worth a man's neck to venture upon the search: and numbers of shrewd, knowing ones, declared that they had been frequently attacked by these miserly ghosts; and that several of their more cowardly friends had been entirely carried off by them. This report continuing to gain ground, research was suspended for several years after, and they who had been the boldest in searching for the treasures, resolved to wait until they had found some one supernaturally endowed, to discover the identical place, and exorcise the obstinate spectres.

There lived, or rather stayed, in Connecticut, a miraculous, gifted fellow of a pedagogue, named Rogers; who, in addition to his talent for governing children, professed himself capable of controlling the empire of the devil.

and cudgelling the most obstinate demons into compliance with his authority. He could scarcely read his own name; but he possessed such a rapid and oily tongue, that, it was said, the latter gift was given to urge on the flight of the other; and then it smoothed away all opposition, for they who understood more of the noise than substance, would certainly suppose him in league with his Satanic majesty. He knew all the signs of the zodiac, the months of the year, and could even calculate the number of seconds in a week; but whether he acquired his knowledge from Newton's Principia, or a common almanac, it would puzzle the wisest heads to determine. He was decidedly a natural philosopher; for he could make it thunder and lighten, in the clearest weather—could cause a candle to burn blue—besides, he could count the stars; and, from his old acquaintance with the dead, with whom he had been in habits of bosom intimacy, was particularly versant in the art of finding buried money. But philosophers are always great travellers; so our genius removes the stakes of his tent, in search of new information, to the south; or, in other words, he packed up bag and baggage, and became country schoolmaster, at Smith's

Clove, in the state of New-York. The fame of the marvellous is not only universal, but is famous for the speed with which it travels; and such a magician as this, could not long escape the anxious individuals who were so eager to become rich on the leavings of their deceased ancestors. A committee was appointed to visit this communer with the dead; and, after cautiously demurring whether he would starve to death on the bad pay of a declining school, or make his fortune by combating with the shades of the departed, he graciously resolved to bend to the prayers of the committee, and resume his profession about three miles from the village; not only to manage the mental, but the ghostly interests of the place. Having taken possession of his new ferrulean sceptre, our pedagogue was solicited to put his talents at once to the test, in raising the dead, and discovering the long buried treasures. Rogers shut his eyes, and hesitated, as if something supernatural was crossing his mind; but after opening them, with nothing but the whites visible, he answered, in a deep sepulchral tone, that they must exercise much patience and long-suffering, before the attainment of the reward; and that, as the object was of the highest moment, it

would require much deliberation, prudence, and delay. He demanded a full month's absence, to arrange about removing his family, as well as other domestic concerns, and promised to return immediately after the settlement of his affairs. He accordingly went ; and engaging an assistant from Connecticut, as a viceroy in the school, he returned in September to realize the expectations of his employers.

An association was immediately formed for the purpose of devising and pursuing the best methods of procedure ; and, elated with the certain prospect of wealth, it was soon increased to about forty individuals. These, secretly convening every night at each others houses, were informed by Rogers, that " the undertaking was intricate, and extremely solemn—that several persons had been murdered, and buried with the money, and that the spirits must be raised and conversed with, before the money could be obtained." He moreover assured them, that the greatest propriety of conduct was expected from them, as the apparitions were determined to impart their treasures only to the virtuous, and that they should meet together the following evening

to ascertain their pleasure. It was a stormy night, when the party arrived at the appointed place. After anxiously waiting a considerable time, a deep, hollow voice was heard from the floor, exhorting them to unity, and decision of conduct; and informing them that they must assemble at Schooley Mountain on a particular night, in a certain field, half a mile from any house; that they must keep within the circles appointed by Rogers; and that, in case of refusal, they should not only lose their treasures, but be spirited away from the spot. Words cannot express the anxiety indulged by the association until the anticipated period. Under the guidance of Rogers, they proceeded to the magic mountain, anticipating a revelation from the dead, and the immediate disclosure of the object of their search. The road over which they were to pass was circuitous and billy; and, having been lately washed by an autumnal freshet, it was rutty and tedious; and a cold north wind sweeping over the meadows, served almost to chill the ardour of the enterprise. It was such a night too as was propitious to the object: the new moon had set in the west, and the stars shone but dimly, through a cloud of hazy mist that was rising from the

marshy ground. The members of the fraternity had secretly left their families at home; and, under the conduct of Rogers, were breasting every difficulty to arrive at riches by a new and unheard-of expedient. So strangely perverse is the human mind bent upon its own sensual gratifications, and undirected by any other light but that of misguided reason!

Like a true and gallant leader, Rogers ascended before them the steep passes of the mountain, gloomy with its forest trees and precipices, and filling them with constant dread of meeting the objects of their apprehension. The waving of every rustling branch seemed to wear the aspect of a spectre—every whistle of the wind conjured up a thousand supernatural voices. After much fatigue, they arrived at last at the dreary spot where they were to contend in reality with the awful powers of darkness. The deep, extended dell was more than a mile from any house, and the footstep of a human creature rarely trode that way. They dismounted in the road, and fastening their horses to the trees, they followed their adventurous guide with trembling steps, revering him at the moment as something more than mor-

tal. They halted upon a shelving field of rocks, overlooking the black ravine, filled with the murmurings of the restless branches, and the echoes of distant water, gurgling its course along the valleys. A magical circle had been previously prepared by Rogers, marked with a variety of cabalistic figures; and into this the party were directed to remain, on pain of death, until the mysterious business was concluded. A tent, constructed of posts, covered over with a dark cloth, had been erected for the magician; and here, as upon his throne of empire, he was to sit as the controller of the supernatural proceedings. A peal of sharp thunder broke from the centre of the dell below, and fires of various colours illuminated the sides of the dim mountain, from which, occasionally, elongated flames would burst, and breaking high in air, would sometimes fall and expire almost at the feet of the trembling members; voices too, apparently from the dead, were heard commanding them to follow implicitly the directions of Rogers; to preserve unity and virtuous deportment; and that each man must deposite, by way of ghostly tribute, twelve pounds, lawful currency, at the foot of the tree, under the penalty of certain destruction. The

affrighted company perceived that fleshless beings would not be trifled with; and after remitting the debt demanded by the spectres, they silently pursued their way homeward, amazed, no less than Rogers, at the wonders they had witnessed.

Convinced of the supernatural abilities of their conductor, they continued to assemble every night at one of the member's houses, and there Rogers met them, not only to receive the moneys for the dead, but to consult respecting the time of inheriting the anticipated treasures. To his credit, be it recorded, that, whenever any was unable to pay the stipulated sum, he was merciful enough to reduce it to one-half, or in proportion to the ability of the person. But the great difficulty was in the procural of the money; for the apparitions believing that bank notes were very precarious property, demanded silver and gold in lieu of the loan paper circulating in New-Jersey; and the consequence was, that rather than not obtain it, the parties would mortgage their farms, and sacrifice their furniture and stock, than disappoint the generous spirits who had so much in store for them. While Rogers communicated his errands at these noc-

turnal meetings, deep groans and knocks, the falling of heavy articles, and the jingling of money, would be heard within and around the house—and sometimes a loud, hollow voice startling every one of the company with the injunction to “press forward!” At others they were told by invisible tongues “that they were empowered to enrich them; and that all they demanded was money for the relief of the poor.” Families were aroused from their beds by the importunities of these purse-proud spirits, who would give them no rest till they gave their fee for a verbal promissory note, for the payment of the money. It was drawn at three months, payable with interest on the first of May.

Nothing more powerfully stimulates the mind, than the prospect of immediate wealth. Intoxicating the heart with ungovernable passions, it corrupts its principles, deludes it with projects impossible to realize, and finally drowns it in irreparable ruin. Consumed with this desire, the ghostly fraternity could hardly rest in their beds, or pursue their customary business. Their farms, their families, their own interests were forgotten. On the other hand, many of them, weak in the

faith, were disturbed by rebellious doubts as to the reality of the proceedings: others withheld their rightful tribute from the dead; in short, the whole winter was spent in continual disputes with each other respecting the integrity of their leader. The approach of May became a new era of expectation; and, as with children, it beguiled their tedious hours with many an amusing dream. Who can describe their delight when the appointed moment arrived? They hastened again, with their fearless guide, to the enchanted mountain, where they were certain of realizing so ample a fortune. Again they were paraded within the circle—again the thunders and supernatural fires played from the awful dell—again the voices of the dead spoke; but they appeared not as at first, the peaceable tenants of Elyzium, but they raged in all the violence of Tartaric fierceness, upbraiding the company for want of faith in their conductor, for withholding the moneys due to their kindness, for their continual altercations with each other, and threatening them with immediate extermination unless submitting to the authority of Rogers. They informed them, besides, that they had broken the condition on which their promise was suspended; and that the time of reaping the reward depended entirely

on their future good behaviour. So violently did they rage, that even Rogers himself became dreadfully alarmed; and excited by the entreaties of the petrified members, he was compelled to put in requisition all his inherent energies; and, after bribing the spectres with a valuable fee from each of the party, they were driven at last in triumph from the field.

Several months had now elapsed, and still there was no prospect of the anticipated fortunes. Though the society had paid the round sum of five hundred pounds, lawful currency, they had only received the note of promise from the mouths of apparitions; and they began to consider them as bankrupts, deserving of condign punishment. They were almost disposed to seize upon Rogers as their security, when mindful of his promises, and the dangers from which he rescued them, they believed his integrity, and that the apparitions had become insolvent.

A singular circumstance happening about this time, dispelled the darkness that hung upon these mysteries. A gentleman in the village was importuned at his window, every night, by a noisy apparition, who promised to make his fortune

provided he would compensate him with a liberal present. He informed him that he was the spirit of one of those who were murdered on Schooley Mountain, and that he would disclose to him the very spot where the treasures were deposited. The gentleman paid the demand; for who could resist the importunities of the dead? There had fallen a deep snow during the night, and, unfortunately for the honour of the spectre, the tracks of a human foot were traced to the house of Rogers, who, being immediately committed to prison, confessed his fraud upon the society; but he was bailed out by a friend, who was compelled, alas, to advance two hundred pounds for the escape of his thankless prisoner. Some wrong-headed fellows still say, that he took refuge among the spirits of Schooley Mountain; but others aver that he resumed his old profession somewhere to the west of Ohio. Some broken kegs of powder were soon discovered among the mountain weeds, and the remains of rockets, and white, muslin sheets, and other implements of ghostly warfare, under some of the rocks. The story is told with much humour by the young folks of Morris county, and nothing has proved such a warning to covetous people as the fate of the impostor of Schooley Mountain.

GEN. WASHINGTON'S ESCAPE.

Washington 's a watch-word, such as ne'er
Shall sink where there 's an echo left to air.

BYRON.

THE name of Washington is dear to every American. Distinguished, not only for bravery and intelligence, but for the purest virtues which can adorn the human heart, he has been venerated in the memory of distant nations, and immortalized by the blessings which he shed upon his country. He resembles the orb of day, imparting his twilight long after he is set; and invisibly dispensing his light and cheering warmth to the world. Cautious, and prudent, he was never surprised by the most disheartening failures; nor alarmed into compliance by the most undaunted threats. His eye could penetrate the darkest designs; and his powers of invention enabled him to escape the most formidable stratagems. The very means, employed by the enemy

to incommode him, were frequently, in his own hands, the instruments of their ruin. As an illustration of his eagle-eyed caution, I will briefly narrate his escape from a singular plot, which I learned from the lips of a venerable man several years deceased.

When the American army was stationed at West Point, during the revolutionary war, the British head-quarters were not many miles distant, on the Hudson; and each were waiting, like the figures on a chess board, for some favourable movement, to disconcert and thwart the operations of the other. Scouting parties would engage in frequent skirmishes; and wagons of provisions, ammunition, and clothing, would fall into the power of those superior in number and address. On one of these occasions, a quantity of English uniform was seized by an American detachment; and several notable advantages obtained by the latter, inspired the enemy with a desire to retaliate. About this time, while at West Point, General Washington had an intimate acquaintance, not far resident from the army, in whose family he enjoyed the kindest hospitality, as well as relief from many of those sterner en-

gagements which harassed his weary mind. As every circumstance was food to either army, a visit like this, not many miles from their camp, could not long escape the cognizance of the English; and to possess a prisoner like General Washington, would tend, in their opinion, to shorten the period of the war. But the undertaking was difficult: there were always advanced guards to cover the American Commander, and there was no mode of discovering his visits, except by winning over some one of the family. The friend whom the General visited was once thought to have espoused the interests of the British; but he had taken a decided stand in favour of America; and though a brave man, he professed the strictest neutrality, alleging as his reason—his years, and dependent family.

During the intimacy of the General, it was rumoured in the American army, that his friend had been often seen returning from the British camp. Washington seemed to disregard the account; for he never ceased to visit the family, and, apparently, mingled as cordially with the host, as if no suspicion had crossed his mind. At length, one day, as the General was taking his leave,

his friend earnestly requested him to dine with him the following afternoon, and emphatically named the hour of two, as the moment of expecting him. He reminded him of the uncommon delight which his intimacy conferred—begged him to lay aside every formality, and regard his house as his home; and hinted, that he feared the General did not consider it in that light; as the guard that always accompanied him seemed to indicate, he was not visiting a friend. “By no means, dear sir!” exclaimed the worthy patriot; “there is no man I esteem more than yourself; and, as a proof of the confidence which I repose in you, I will visit you alone to-morrow, and I pledge my sacred word of honour, that not a soldier shall accompany me.” “Pardon me, General,” cried the host; “but why so serious on so trifling a subject? I merely jested.” “I am aware of it,” said the hero, smiling; “but what of that? I have long considered the planting of these outposts unnecessary, inasmuch as they may excite the suspicion of the enemy; and although it be a trifle, that trifle shall not sport with the friendship you indulge for me.” “But then—the hour, General?”—“Oh, yes, two o’clock you said.”—“Precisely!” returned the other.

At one o'clock on the following day, the General mounted his favourite horse, and proceeded alone, upon a bye-road which conducted him to the hospitable mansion. It was about half an hour before the time, and the bustling host received him with open arms, in addition to the greetings of the delighted family. "How punctual, kind sir!" exclaimed the warm-hearted friend. "Punctuality," replied Washington, "is an angel virtue, embracing minor as well as important concerns. He that is unpunctual with a friend, may doubt his integrity." The host started; but recovering himself, he added,—“then yours is a proof that we enjoy your fullest confidence.” Washington proposed a promenade upon the piazza, previous to the dinner. It overlooked a rough country several miles in extent; fields of grain, here and there sweeping beneath the sides of bleak hills producing nothing but rocks and grass—shallow runnels of water flowing along the hollows of the uneven waste—then hidden by woodlands intercepting a prospect of the country beyond—spotted now and then with silver glimpses of the Hudson, stealing through the sloping grounds below, and chequered on both sides by the dim, purple Highlands, frowning

sometimes into hoary battlements, and tapering again into gentle valleys, hardly illuminated by the sun. "This is fine, bold scenery!" exclaimed the General, apparently absorbed in the beauty of the prospect. "Yes, sir," replied his friend, looking wistfully around, as if expecting some one's approach; but catching the piercing glance of Washington, his eyes were fastened confusedly on the floor. "I must really rally you, my friend," observed the General; "do you perceive yonder point, that boldly rises from the water, and suddenly is lost behind that hill which obstinately checks the view?" "I do," replied the absent listener, engaged apparently in something else than the subject of inquiry. "There," continued the hero, "my enemy lies encamped; and were it not for a slight mist, I could almost fancy that I perceive his cavalry moving; but hark, that cannon! Do you not think it proceeds from the head-quarters of the enemy?"

While pointing out to his friend the profile of the country, the face of the latter was often turned the opposite way, seemingly engrossed in another object immediately behind the house. He was not mistaken: it was a troop, seemingly,

of British horse, that were descending a distant hill, winding through a labyrinth of numerous projections and trees, until they were seen galloping through the valley below—and then again they were hidden by a field of forest that swelled along the bosom of the landscape. “Would it not be strange,” observed the General, apparently unconscious of the movements behind him, “that after all my toils, America should forfeit her liberty?” “Heaven forbid!” said his friend, becoming less reserved, and entering more warmly into the feelings of the other. “But,” resumed Washington, “I have heard of treachery in the heart of one’s own camp; and, doubtless, you know that it is possible ‘to be wounded even in the house of one’s friend.’” “Sir;” demanded the downcast host, unable to meet the searching glance of his companion, “who can possibly intend so daring a crime?” “I only meant,” replied the other, “that treachery was the most hideous of crimes; for, Judas like, it will even sell its Lord for money!” “Very true, dear sir,” responded the anxious host, as he gazed upon a troop of British horse, winding round the hill, and riding with post haste towards the hospitable mansion. “Is it two o’clock yet?” demanded Washington:

“for I have an engagement this afternoon at the army, and I regret that my visit must, therefore, be shorter than intended.” “It lacks a full quarter yet!” said his friend, seeming doubtful of his watch, from the arrival of the horsemen. “But, bless me, sir! what cavalry are these that are so rapidly approaching the house?” “Oh, they may possibly be a party of British light horse,” returned his companion, coolly, “which mean no harm; and, if I mistake not, they have been sent for the purpose of protecting me.” As he said this, the Captain of the troop was seen dismounting from his horse; and his example was followed by the rest of the party. “General?” returned the other, walking to him very familiarly, and tapping him on the shoulder, “General, you are my prisoner!” “I believe not,” said Washington, looking calmly at the men who were approaching the steps; “but, friend,” exclaimed he, slapping him in return on the arm, “I know that you are mine! Here, officer, carry this treacherous hypocrite to the camp, and I will make him an example to the enemies of America.”

The British general had secretly offered an immense sum to this man, to make an appoint-

ment with the hero, at two o'clock, at which time he was to send a troop of horse, to secure him in their possession. Suspecting his intentions, Washington had directed his own troop to habit themselves as English cavalry, and arrive half an hour precisely before the time he was expected.

They pursued their way to the camp triumphing at the sagacity of their Commander, who had so astonishingly defeated the machinations of the British General. But the humanity of Washington prevailed over his sense of justice. Overcome by the tears and prayers of the family, he pardoned his treacherous friend, on condition of his leaving the country for ever; which he accordingly did; and his name was ever after sunk in oblivion.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

When first the eaglet, at his sire's behest,
On untry'd pinions, leaves his parent nest,—
Flutt'ring he flies ; but soon the bird of Jove,
On wings of thunder, seeks the courts above.
Just so Columbia ! when she dared to fling
Her infant fingers, o'er the magic string !
With bolder hand she sweeps the muse's lyre,
While thronging thousands listen and admire. A.

DESCENDED from ancestors, who brought from the old world a portion of its literary treasures, Americans have resembled, more than a century past, persons who had been removed in childhood from the city to a desert, and forgetful of the illustrious home and parentage from which they sprung. Regarding themselves as a new race of beings, they have slumbered in the dream of neglectful self-distrust ; and it is therefore that they have been so long awakening to a sense of intellectual duty. They begin to feel that they possess the same physical and mental energies with the most renowned Europeans, and are only waiting for similar incentives to provoke the exertion of their powers. The physical features

of our country are calculated to fire the imagination of the bard. The cloudy grandeur, and trackless extent of our mountains—the solemn whisper of our deep and rapid rivers—the awful stillness and sublimity of our vast ocean-lakes—our endless labyrinth of forests—the magnificent variety of our landscapes,—and the simple, but interesting aspect of our cities and villages, breathe the very air of poetry, which the contemplative enthusiast must inhale. The historical associations of the primitive settlers of our country—of the aboriginal Indians, who were expelled from their native soil—of the revolutionary war, numerous circumstances of which live only in recollection, constitute treasures for our historians and philosophers, to weave the garland of immortality around their native land. Though proud of the distinguished names which have adorned American literature, we regret that any obstacles should retard the promotion of its fame.

One cause, for the slow advancement of our literature, is the want of a more general competition. In Europe, generally, the greatest portion of its people are readers. You can scarcely enter a cottage in Scotland, whose inmates are

unable to converse on scientific subjects: and throughout England and Germany, persons of the lowest ranks peruse the literature of the day, and become zealous competitors for some particular system. But here it is otherwise: the taste for mental research is too often superseded by the love of mechanical enterprise, the unwearied pursuit of business, which deadens every other care, and the enjoyment of public amusement, which is frequently followed by consequences repugnant to mental improvement. It is our habits, then, more than our want of ability, which retard our intellectual advancement. The purest gold, if unsubmitted to the skill of the polisher, will present a dulness and rust which it will be difficult to wear away; and the brightest intellect that ever adorned the world, will tarnish, unless submitting to salutary discipline. Were literary topics more extensively interesting, the field of mental exertion would necessarily widen; excitement would be given to the most distinguished to advance far beyond the sober limits they have reached; and we should be taught, as in Europe, that it is by the united competition of many, that the march of literature is extended. But what is there to dispirit so noble an emulation? Thousands enjoy abun-

dance of leisure, undisturbed by national or domestic cares, who might ensure to themselves sources of profitable pleasure, and augment the literary taste that begins to dawn upon their country. Even the man of business, the mechanic, the labourer, is culpable: if idling away spare moments that might be usefully employed, they cruelly contribute their mite towards the depression of American literature.

Another cause is, a diffidence of our own abilities. Forgetful that we sprung from a nation pre-eminent in literary glory, we have been led to suppose that our mental powers are inferior to those of Europe, and we fear to teach the world the vileness of the calumny. In all other respects we contend for an equality. The merchant believes that he can plan as sagacious a speculation—the mechanic proudly vies with the European artizan—the patriot feels his own on a level with the greatest nation of the earth, in domestic, civil, and religious privileges. But why should mental competition alone be disregarded? Why should we not soar to the same height with other nations, and as victoriously contend for the same intellectual honours? When conscious of talents, and a capacity of enlightening others, is it

not the duty of all to diffuse the light of moral and scientific knowledge, and assist the efforts of their country in the improvement of its members? But when the talented shrink from the cultivation of their faculties; when minds of acknowledged wisdom fear to give their thoughts to the world, from the apprehension of error, or the sarcasms of ridicule, however they may be applauded on the score of their modesty, they are far from promoting the interests of national literature. But would Europe have acquired its literary celebrity, if its sages had been thus afraid or distrustful of their powers? And how is America to derive the same benefits, but by the united zeal of its talented citizens? Is it not in the cultivation of the humblest abilities, and the fearless exercise of the noblest with which we have been endowed? Is it not in surmounting that groundless diffidence, which prevents so many from becoming shining lights to their country, and confines her ambition among so few competitors?

The last cause to be noticed, is the discouragements from ourselves. Cradled almost in the belief, that nothing is literary but the productions of foreign lands, we have scarcely presumed, till lately, that an American publication could thrive.

The dream is nearly broken by the glorious success of many of our native worthies, who have nobly dared to refute a sentiment so absurd. There is talent enough in America to raise her to the highest literary glory; but it only wants excitement; like the powder, it only demands the aid of the spark; like the diamond, only vigorous exertion, to reveal its native lustre. But as the greatest "foes are those of one's own household," so the darkest obstacle to our literature is the indifference of Americans. Is it not a fact, that our own productions, generally, are received with a cautious sneer? Does not political interest frequently resist the claims of genius, and persecution wield her rod over the head of the friendless writer? Do not the censors of the press sometimes wound by contemptuous silence, and punish, at others, with merciless severity? Although permitted to discountenance stupidity, yet do they not often blast numerous buds of genius, and scatter to the four winds the seeds of knowledge and virtue? Americans should despise so unworthy a spirit. If ever respected abroad, they must first respect themselves. If refusing to nurture the germ of native talent, they cannot expect to gather its fruits; but it must be either swept away, to take root in foreign soils, or wither from ne-

glect by those who should have raised it to maturity.

Let then Americans labour to advance their literary glory! Let the nation take the lead! Let the infant colleges and schools throughout the land be liberally endowed, and let observatories and philosophical cabinets be established in every state! Let public libraries, literary associations, and the fine arts, be generously sanctioned by the donations, the presence, and the co-operation of our citizens! Let learned lecturers be appointed, at the national expense, to unfold the principles of physical and moral science, and diffuse a taste for belle lettre and eloquence! Let encouragement be always given to the young, adventurous writer, and premiums be unceasingly offered to successful literary candidates! Let not the talented of our country withhold their pens in the vindication of truth and virtue! Let the guardians of the press unite in defending American talent, and arousing its ambition instead of mortifying its pride! Thus our country shall become the first in wisdom, as the first in liberty—the land of sages as the land of heroes—not only the home of the friendless pilgrim, but the literary home of the nations of the world.

